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CHINA'S NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT has its back to the wall. Its effective control covers only a thin ribbon of land along the southern seacoast and the Yangtze River. But within that ribbon lie the great cities of Shanghai and Canton, which means that Nanking still controls two-thirds of the revenue of the nation. So it may be able once more to bribe those of its opponents whom it cannot crush. Chiang Kai-shek, the young President, is a man of most un-Chinese temperament—he is at his best in last-ditch fighting. A month ago he defeated the Kwangsi clique of southern militarists. Then he withdrew his armies from Canton and Changsha in the hope of crushing the northern coalition, which is headed by his former colleague, Yen Hsi-shan, the "model governor" of Shansi, and Feng Yu-hsiang, who, once known as "the Christian general" and later as a Bolshevist agent, is a perpetual thorn in the side of Chinese governments. These men have for a year been in open revolt against Nanking, but thus far neither side has been able to strike a decisive military blow, and Chiang has been unwilling to pay the full price necessary for a peaceful settlement. It was a British tool of Yen's, Mr. Lennox Simpson ("Putnam Weale"), who recently seized the Tientsin customs, a financial blow more brutal than any which Yen's armies had been able to strike. With Yen are also a number of disaffected Nationalists, including the talkative and charming Wang Ching-wei, who was once Sun Yat-sen's favorite disciple but lacks the force of character to build a real government. And now a third enemy has risen to the dignity of the headlines—the "Communist" armies which are reported to have sacked Changsha.

COMMUNISTS OR BANDITS—what are these roving armies of South China? The Third International openly claims them as its own; but it is doubtful whether the ragged soldiers have any inkling of the gospel of Nicolai Lenin. They practice, undoubtedly, the primitive communism which led Robin Hood to despoil the rich and share with the poor, but with about as much awareness of Marxism as he. For a decade the region where these hordes abound has been ravaged by successive armies. When the generals had money they forcibly conscripted the able-bodied farm boys; when they had none the boys were dropped, far from home, and left to get on as best they could. Inevitably, they took to living off the country. Inevitably, too, they drifted to the standards of any capable pirate able to organize efficient looting expeditions. When in hiding, these good folk find it useful to profess sympathy with the peasants and to lose themselves in the fields. Hence, for the most part, the legend of peasant Communist armies. But there is no industrial proletariat in these backward regions, and the village gentry do not possess the visible and seizable wealth which made the Bolshevist program of land seizure so attractive to the Russian peasantry. The economic roots of communism in China are weak; and they are strongest in the great coast cities which are defended by foreign gunboats. There, some day, the decisive battles of China's revolution will be fought. They may come sooner than most foreigners expect. For if anything can fuse China's millions into one effective arm, it is dislike of foreign domination. That is why it is particularly sinister news that an American gunboat at Changsha, eight hundred miles from the sea, was fired upon and fired in return, killing fifty Chinese.

RESISTANCE to the British raj goes steadily on in India, despite wishful newspaper dispatches from Simla and the monsoon rains. In Bombay, which is at present the center of activity, business is almost at a standstill. Daily, the streets are filled with processions shouting for independence. They receive instead lathi blows from British-paid police who have lately been granted a bonus by a grateful and anxious government. Nevertheless, the campaign remains predominantly non-violent. George Slocombe, a British correspondent who has just returned after three months in India, testifies on this point as follows:

> . . . In spite of the incidents of violence which were the indirect results of his campaign, it must be admitted on the whole that Gandhi's teaching of non-violence has been scrupulously observed. To persons familiar with India, the spectacle of the fierce Pathans and the warlike

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> Sikhs receiving without flinching and retaliation the formidable punishment which the stick of the Indian policeman can inflict is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the Indian struggle.

And Mr. Slocombe records what others have observed, namely, the increase of unity among all classes. Caste and communal barriers are breaking down and women are taking increasing part in the fight for self-government. Meanwhile, Mr. MacDonald has decided that Liberals and Conservatives shall be represented at the Round Table Conference. He has ruled, however, that there shall be no voting and that the Labor Party shall be responsible for any new legislation on India. At the same time he has barred the presence of Sir John Simon at the conference at the price of antagonizing the author of the Simon report. But the most important thing—the thing that would do more than anything else to give meaning to the Round Table Conference—remains unaccomplished. So far there is no indication that the Nationalists, the strongest and most important party in India, will have a single representative in London in October.

NOT SINCE MAYOR VAN WYCK of New York deliberately insulted the captain of a Spanish warship when he received him at the City Hall just prior to the war with Spain have there been recorded such instances of bad manners as we have witnessed the last few weeks in the treatment of the head of the Amtorg Company by the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Lowman, and by the Fish committee. It is Mr. Bogdanov's misfortune that he happens to be a gentleman, a man of education and position, as well as head of the Amtorg. That did not prevent his being subjected to a discourtesy that we believe would be impossible in any other country but our own. When he appeared before the Fish committee Mr. Bogdanov was asked if he would resume membership in the Communist Party when he returned to Moscow. He replied: "I would again join the party if I were to return tomorrow." Whereupon Representative Carl G. Bachman of West Virginia declared: "You'll be lucky if you stay here that long." We suppose that it would surprise Mr. Bachman very much if he were to be told that usually only blackguards perform like this; we hope and trust that there are few other Congressmen who could be guilty of such conduct, especially when sitting in a quasi-judicial committee to seek facts without bias. Mr. Lowman behaved like a pettifogging police magistrate when Mr. Bogdanov and his American lawyer appeared before him, refusing to tell them who had made the charges in regard to the Russian pulp-wood cargoes and what the evidence was. "Do you think I would give my hand away?" said he. Two weeks previously he had declared that there were no complaints in regard to pulp wood. Thus the Russians were given only from Friday until Tuesday to answer complaints by unknown persons in regard to tree cutting in some of the vast Russian forests!

IN VIEW OF THESE PERFORMANCES it is pleasant to read the accounts of the Russian session at the Williamstown Institute of Politics. The whole debate was marked by common sense and freedom from passion. Thus, Colonel Hugh L. Cooper, who is superintending the great hydroelectric power plant on the Dnieper River, pleaded that the Russians be permitted to try out communism and see for themselves whether it really is or is not the road to Utopia, and that their challenge to American capitalism be fairly, honorably, and openly accepted. Mr. Ivy Lee, the chairman, and Congressman La Guardia agreed that the Fish committee's red-hunting inquiry was entirely useless, Mr. Lee pointing out also that there is no necessity for the Bolsheviks to resort to secret distribution of Communist literature in this country when "their most inflammatory utterances are cabled from Moscow and reprinted in this country." Only Mr. Paul Scheffer of the Berlin *Tageblatt* seems to have dissented, declaring that the secret plans of the Bolsheviks for world revolution "are not so absurd as they seem" and that they should not be discounted. He is emphatically of the opinion that the Bolshevist leaders are working hard in some European countries and seriously threatening their present governments. All in all Williamstown had a sane and reasonable discussion.

SENATOR SWANSON of Virginia has formally demanded a revision of the Hawley-Smoot tariff, declaring correctly that it is beneficial only to a few special interests, that "American agriculture will be further depressed if this tariff continues and the markets of the world will be closed to the United States." He added that "the universal depression in all lines of industry indicates the folly of the Hawley-Smoot bill." While this is not quite fair, since the depression was here before the tariff bill was passed and would have continued had it not become law, the Senator is right in demanding a change. The very fact that one so influential as he is inaugurating a party agitation for its repeal shows how silly was the Republican argument that the bill should be passed in order to take the tariff out of immediate politics. We hope that the Democrats all along the line will follow Senator Swanson's example in putting the tariff well to the front in the coming campaign.

THE NEW YORK EDISON and associated companies, through their president, Matthew S. Sloan, in a letter to Milo R. Maltbie, chairman of the Public Service Commission, offer to cut the rate for electric current from seven to five cents a kilowatt hour, provided they are allowed to make a meter charge of sixty cents a month. The result, according to their figuring, would be a cut of $5,396,000 in their annual revenue; but nearly a million small consumers, using up to thirty kilowatt hours a month, would find their bills increased by a total of more than $2,500,000 a year in all, while nearly $8,000,000, apparently, would go into the pockets of 700,000 larger consumers, including, of course, the great industrial and commercial users. The principle of a basic service charge is economically sound, but Governor Roosevelt properly objects to any arrangement which puts an added burden on the small consumer. Our existing practice of high domestic rates combined with relatively low charges to industrial users is exactly wrong, and this is a good place to fight it out. The public-utilities committee of the Community Councils urges further that the continued prosecution of the city's pending suit, which the companies have already spent $5,000,000 in fighting, will result in a decision granting rates much lower than those now proposed by the companies. Louis Waldman, Socialist candidate for Gov-

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ernor, after a sharp and effective criticism of Mr. Sloan's proposal, concludes:

> The struggle for low rates to the domestic consumer as well as to the industrial and commercial users will continue until the public learns the simple lesson that electricity, being a common necessity, ought to be owned and distributed by public agencies for the sole benefit of the public.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY of New York City deserves public thanks for its campaign plans, which promise picturesqueness as well as education. In addition to selecting Morris Hillquit, Municipal Justice Jacob Panken, and V. Charney Vladeck, manager of the Jewish daily *Forward*, as Congressional candidates, the party executive has designated Heywood Broun to make the run in the Seventeenth Congressional District, Manhattan, and Norman Thomas in the Sixth Congressional District, Brooklyn. The choice of the last-named district was made after a joint survey by the Socialist Party and the League for Independent Political Action to determine in what district of the city Mr. Thomas's chance of election would be most promising. The league is to be congratulated on its intelligent cooperation in this instance with the Socialists, who have decided to make unemployment and public ownership of electric utilities the major issues of their State campaign. Heywood Broun starts off well by declaring that while the seventeenth is a silk-stocking district "there is plenty of rayon still in it. After all, it is only one block from the big crowds milling around the employment agencies on Sixth Avenue to the big houses and hotels of Fifth." It would be hard to put the basic question more strikingly, and it is a genuine public service for him to run for Congress. New York is evidently to hear some discussion of real issues, and the possibility that Norman Thomas may actually be sent to Congress is cheering.

A FEEBLE-MINDED NEGRO has been accused of attacking and murdering a white woman at her farm near Shamrock, Texas. The woman had formerly lived in Erick, across the Oklahoma border. When news of the murder reached Erick rioting followed in which a mob of white men drove out all the Negro inhabitants of the town and its vicinity. Nearly 300 have been rendered homeless, their property confiscated or destroyed. At Shamrock, Texas, threats against the Negro population were successfully forestalled by the firm policy of Sheriff McLemore, who, with only 12 deputies, faced a mob of 300 bent on mischief in the Negro quarter and told them that he would not move from their path even if it meant bloodshed. The accused Negro was saved from mob violence by the quick action of Sheriff McKinney, of Collingsworth County, who hurried him away to safekeeping in the first place, and later, with the aid of four Texas rangers, outwitted two bands of would-be lynchers and lodged him safe in jail at Pampa, Texas. Meanwhile, at Erick, a few citizens applied for federal aid, and United States Attorney Roy St. Lewis has issued warrants for twenty-three persons—some of them deputy sheriffs and other officials—under a statute that gives the federal government the right to prosecute where two or more persons band together to deprive citizens of the free exercise of their rights under the Constitution. Conviction under the statute carries a fine of $5,000, a sentence of ten years, and deprivation of the right to hold office. We commend Mr. Lewis's action to the notice of Senator Cole Blease, who is quoted as saying in a recent speech: "Whenever the Constitution comes between me and the virtue of the white women of South Carolina, I say 'To hell with the Constitution.'"

THE REPORT on conditions in Auburn Prison, just made public by the special Cayuga County grand jury which has been investigating there, is a shocking indictment of the prison administration. The management of the prison, while not actually criminal, was, according to the report, "headless, spineless, and worthless." The prison was evidently run in fact by the Mutual Welfare League, controlled by the worst and most unregenerate class of prisoners; liquor was manufactured freely and partaken of as freely by the inmates; guards were subject to insult, and insubordination abounded. In addition the food was bad, the prison crowded; long sentences made the inmates despair of anything but desperate measures. It is no wonder riots resulted; one wonders there were not more of them. The grand jury makes several interesting recommendations among others not so good. Work for every man is the most important, after the general improvement of living conditions; pay for work done is also an excellent suggestion. The grand jury recommends that prisoners be divided into the following classifications and kept in their own class: (1) those for whom there is hope and opportunity for regeneration; (2) those for whom the "door of hope has been closed," either because of sentence or for psychiatric reasons; (3) those who have shown that, after a period of training, they may be discharged without danger to society. One cannot agree with the grand jury's suggestion that individual radio sets be forbidden in cells, or that individual lockers be abolished.

DO FAST STEAMERS PAY? The first year of the Bremen's existence seems to prove it, for she carried no fewer than 54,152 passengers, of whom 16,855 traveled third class, 15,123 first class, 12,379 in tourist third, and 9,795 second class. Of these passengers 26,587 came from Europe and 27,566 from the United States. Her fastest speed was 29.5 knots and her best crossing took only four days and fourteen and one-half hours. So great has been her popularity that she has been well filled even during the winter months. It is not to be deduced, however, from her experience and that of her sister-ship, the Europa, that there is endless opportunity for such ships. There is general agreement that the ocean has about fliers enough; hence the extreme caution of the Cunard and White Star Lines in beginning the construction of the 1,000-foot ships with which they are proposing to meet the German competition; the Cunarder has just been made possible by the decision of the British government to assume some of the great cost of insuring this 75,000-ton giant ship which is to carry 4,000 passengers. It has as yet not been decided whether the United States Lines will build the two monsters which, with the Leviathan, are intended to give a fast weekly American service. The cost of a round trip of the Bremen is said to be 2,500,000 marks, or $625,000. If there are too many ships like this none will earn enough and they will lose heavily in the slack winter season.

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The Great Republican Handicap

NOW that the candidates for election or reelection to the Senate and House of Representatives are busy with preparations for the "great and solemn referendum" next November, it is pertinent to inquire what aid, if any, the Republicans are likely to get from the record of the Administration during the past eighteen months. Of course they will have to support Mr. Hoover, but that gentleman is a good deal of a problem. Mr. Hoover's notion of leaving legislation to Congress and confining his energies to executive functions has worked out badly in practice, and the tense moments that have occurred in the struggle between the President and Congress for control of the steering wheel have left unpleasant memories. Almost any expert political accountant would set down Mr. Hoover as a liability rather than an asset, but the Republicans have got to carry him on the books as an important campaign item until November 4, and if they win the election then they will have to go along with him thereafter until March 4, 1933. What can the Republicans do with him as an inducement for the country to grant the party in Congress a further lease of life?

On the whole, the offering is not attractive. The most conspicuous fruit in the basket is the Smoot-Hawley tariff, and the Republican who can extract hope or comfort from that performance could draw blood from a turnip or honey from a monument to the dead. The Smoot-Hawley tariff not only satisfies nobody, but it has called out from foreign nations the weightiest volume of protest and the most outspoken threats of retaliation that American tariff history has known. Mr. Hoover, by some occult process, was able to discover in the bill a fulfilment of a party pledge, but the ink of his signature was hardly dry before Congress was beseeching the Tariff Commission to reconsider a whole handful of the monstrous rates. The farmers in particular, who were to be the chief beneficiaries of revision, are likely to provide a bad quarter of an hour for the Republican candidate who tries to explain why this iniquity was added to their burdens.

The record is not brilliant in other directions. Hardly any national or international issue that was pending when Mr. Hoover took office has been advanced far toward settlement. It will be tough business working up enthusiasm over the naval treaty. The grandiose project of federal farm relief which Mr. Hoover approved has gone to smash, with prime wheat selling for less than good ordinary corn, with cotton a drug on the market, and a loss of millions for the Treasury to meet. Unemployment continues on a large scale notwithstanding voluble assurances that the problem was to be taken in hand, and Washington predictions of good times coming have been promptly followed by precipitate declines in stocks. Railway consolidation is just about where it was last year, and the year before, and the year before that, save for the promulgation of a plan which set railway experts by the ears, and the Interstate Commerce Commission shoves up freight rates one week and pares them down the next. The lower Mississippi Valley is up in arms against the government's plan for flood control, the power situation is still a menace, the evils of the Indian service have not been removed, and the slow pace of the public-utilities investigation would put a snail to shame.

On the political side the record is even worse. Without any visible sign of repugnance on Mr. Hoover's part, Claudius H. Huston was allowed to hog the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee for months after his occupancy of that office had alienated sensitive party leaders, and then to retire at his leisure and apparently on his own terms. The designation of Senator Fess as Huston's successor gives the executive direction of the party to a machine politician who defended the Harding Administration, and makes it certain that machine methods, with Mr. Hoover's approbation, will have full play. Most of Mr. Hoover's important nominations have been mediocre and some of them, notably that of Judge Parker for a place on the Supreme Bench, have been distinctly bad. Looked at merely as an executive, one wonders if Mr. Hoover has either strength or courage. At any time since inauguration day a few words from the President, or a line or two of writing on a piece of White House stationery, would have suspended or removed any federal official guilty of illegal or improper conduct, but the unblushing lawlessness of prohibition officers has gone on unchecked, the barbarous enforcement of immigration laws continues, a small army of spies and informers is still in government pay, and the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Lowman, takes his time in abandoning an unwarranted attack on Russian trade after Mr. Hoover mildly calls him down.

Some people, doubtless, still affect to believe that Mr. Hoover, in spite of the glaring failures of his Administration, means well, and that he would have done better if Congress had been less unruly. The country is not interested in good intentions, but in performance and ideas. There is much reason for suspecting that Mr. Hoover, in addition to being a lamentable failure as President, is becoming not merely more conservative but reactionary. The faint show of political liberalism that still inheres in the Republican Party does not seem to attract him, and persons of open mind are not his friends. More and more, it seems, he is passing under the influence of machine politicians of a vulgar type, and it is upon the help of machine politics that he relies. Of moral leadership in the nation he obviously has little and of intellectual leadership none; the last place in America to which a thinker, a writer, or a social reformer would turn for inspiration or counsel is the White House. Even the financial and trade journals which sounded Mr. Hoover's praises when he was a candidate have for months been maintaining a suggestive silence. It is one of the anomalies of American politics that the opinions on public affairs to which at the moment the widest and most respectful attention appears to be paid are not those of Mr. Hoover, but those which Mr. Coolidge is putting forward in his daily reflections in the newspapers. When the farm-relief bubble needed pricking and the outrageous conduct of Congressman Fish and his associated anti-Russian zealots called for rebuke, it was Mr. Coolidge, not Mr. Hoover, who spoke out.

We wish the Administration Republicans joy in their

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campaign. They have their job cut out for them in defending either Mr. Hoover's record or their own. If the Democrats and Republican insurgents have a spark of political wisdom or a shred of ability to handle facts, there should not be enough Republican stalwarts in the next House of Representatives to form a corporal's guard.

Mr. Ford Just Passes

NOW that Messrs. Ford and Edison have picked the winner of the Edison scholarship prize it would be unfortunate if no one marked their own interesting answers to the last test put to them by the newspaper reporters. In the absence of an official examining board, *The Nation* humbly undertakes the task, allowing 10 for each perfect answer and 6 as a passing mark. We will skip Mr. Edison's paper for the present. He has been taking these examinations at least several times a year for the last forty years, and his answers are too easily anticipated. Mr. Ford, however, is still full of surprises.

Asked whether he thought that much unemployment was the fault of the unemployed, Mr. Ford replied: "Many people are too busy to be unemployed." By "many people" Mr. Ford is apparently referring to persons like himself and Mr. Edison—that is, employers, or people who happen to be somewhere near the top—and not to those, for example, who are thrown out of work when a plant shuts down. His answer is therefore an evasion, and strictly on its merits should be marked zero. However, in view of Mr. Ford's own well-known policy as an employer, we may mark this answer 5. Asked for a solution of business difficulties, Mr. Ford replied: "The solution is new industrial leaders who will sense what the people need and give it to them cheaply. . . . For instance, only about one family in ten has a bathtub. They should be made cheaper, so that everybody could have them." Mr. Ford gets an 8 on the general principle and a 3 on the illustration. It isn't so much the cost of a bathtub that counts, as any farmer can tell you, but cost of installation, plumbing, running water, hot water—all of which lends itself very little to quantity-production methods. Further, more and more Americans are coming to prefer showers, and the bathtub for healthy adults may soon be as out of date as the Model T.

Mr. Ford declared emphatically that there is no such thing as overproduction of any commodity. Pretty bad, Mr. Ford. If you had denied that there could be any such thing as overproduction of *all* commodities you could have got a 10. Overproduction is a relative term; its existence in one industry implies that the excess capital and labor could more profitably be employed somewhere else. An interviewer immediately countered Mr. Ford's answer with the question: "How about the overproduction of wheat?" "We've got to find new uses for wheat," replied Mr. Ford. "We are experimenting now up at Dearborn to find new uses for wheat, barley, and various other things." We are puzzled to know just what new uses for wheat Mr. Ford's chemists can find; they must know of at least one old use, at present relatively unemployed in this country, for barley, but Mr. Ford would not approve of it. Such questions aside, however, doesn't Mr. Ford think it might be more sensible to wait till the new uses are found first, and then produce the extra wheat, instead of the other way round? A 4 on this one.

Turning to the relation of the machine age to culture, Mr. Ford finds: "Industry itself is a part of culture. The fact that a man knows a lot about industry does not prevent his using good grammar, standing straight, and appearing well." This is a definition of culture that would have surprised Matthew Arnold. Mr. Ford goes on, however, to redeem himself nobly. "We need beauty in everything, and culture should be a thing of practice, not something apart. Every article should be a thing of beauty, well made and well thought out." Here Mr. Ford is way ahead of the "art-for-art's-sake" cult. His principle has already been brilliantly applied to automobiles; he might lend his help to having it applied more extensively to factories and filling stations. Eight is the mark for this. Asked for his favorite fiction work, Mr. Ford replied: "Maud Muller." "That's poetry," he was corrected. "It's fiction, too, isn't it?" he countered. "I read poetry, and I enjoy it if it says anything, but so often it doesn't say anything." Not, perhaps, to Mr. Ford. Three.

What did he think of the Congressional committee's investigation of Communist activities? "Gosh, their last investigation was at our plant. The committee went away with the idea that we were treating the Communists so well that there was no danger of our having any trouble with them. . . . I'm not worried about this country or about the world. If communism ever gets into a country and raises Ned with it, it's because that country needs it." For the wisdom and insight of this, *The Nation* awards a 9.

Mr. Ford ought to study harder, but all in all we haven't the heart to flunk him.

Canada and Protection

BOTH nationally and internationally, the recent political overturn in Canada is entitled to be set down as one of the major happenings of the year. Political liberalism in the Dominion, once a telling force under the brilliant leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier but in recent years an increasingly uncertain program of compromise, has been swept aside by a wave of conservatism. Even the province of Quebec, an old Liberal stronghold in which for years the Conservatives were able to muster either a mere handful of representatives or none at all, has returned twenty-five Conservatives to the House of Commons—somewhat less than half the total provincial representation in that body. Further, the Conservatives have come into power with a program of far-reaching implications. When the late government of W. L. Mackenzie King, responding to the widespread irritation and alarm engendered by the proposed Smoot-Hawley tariff, suddenly put into effect the Dunning tariff with increased duties and further tariff preference for the United Kingdom, the Liberal program was presently challenged by R. B. Bennett, the Conservative leader, on the ground that preferred imports from the United Kingdom or other British dominions were themselves a menace to Canadian industry, and on a platform of Canada first and no favors for anybody Mr. Bennett carried the country.

There is no need to assume, as an inference from the

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election, that the new Conservative government will forthwith plunge ahead with the process familiarly known as cutting off the nose to spite the face. Canada and the United States have long been good customers one of the other, and a tariff that was clearly discriminatory would unquestionably provoke an American retaliation from which Canada, as the smaller country, would be the chief sufferer. What the Conservative victory means is that Canada, stung to the quick by the American tariff and definitely enrolled among the nations which openly resent the policy that the American tariff embodies, is to seek relief by adopting precisely the same policy of high protection of which it complains. If Mr. Bennett's attitude during the campaign is an accurate indication of the course which his government will pursue, we shall shortly have a Canadian tariff, on a high-protection basis, in which all countries will be treated alike and under which imperial preference, as far as Canada is concerned, will be materially restricted if it is not eliminated altogether.

Such a policy not only runs directly counter to the movement for a general lowering of tariff walls which has lately been agitating Europe, but also strikes a heavy blow at the scheme of tariff protection for the British Empire which has been playing mischief with the Conservative Party in Great Britain. The essential characteristic of the new imperial protectionism of Lord Rothermere and Stanley Baldwin is that the Empire shall somehow contrive to eat its cake and have it too. There is to be tariff preference within the Empire for the United Kingdom and the Dominions, but a high tariff wall about the Empire for protection against a competing world outside. There seems small likelihood of fitting Canada into such an arrangement now that Mr. Bennett and his party are in control. Before the Imperial Conference meets at the end of September, with an Imperial Economic Conference to follow after that, Canada will have had a session of its Parliament specially convened to apply protective duties to everybody, British and foreigners alike, with no discrimination against which any nation can retaliate and no British preference of which Canada can complain.

Any gratification, accordingly, over Canada's act of national self-assertion in its political overturn is tempered with apprehension. If Canada, spurred by the American threat to its agriculture, its industry, or its trade, claps on a schedule of duties whose only purpose is to check the inflow of foreign products or goods, it will take a long step toward the position which the United States occupies today to its shame—the position of a nation whose foreign-trade policy has earned for it international ill-will. What the world needs for its economic health is not a further restriction of international trade, but freer trade everywhere in everything. The plight of the wheat-grower, the cattle-raiser, the mine-owner, the manufacturer, the merchant, or the laborer is not to be met by limiting or closing world markets but by opening and developing them. It is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Bennett, in his zeal for the safety and prosperity of Canada, will not be misled into thinking that those things will be assured by building higher the tariff wall. If Canada resents American levies on its goods, why not continue cutting down its imports from the United States, as it has already done in the first five months of the present year to the tune of about $111,000,000?

Mooney Still Waits

GOVERNOR YOUNG of California announced, when he refused pardon to Tom Mooney, that should John MacDonald or any other witness appear for the purpose of recanting his testimony the case must be reopened. Almost the next day MacDonald was discovered in jail in Baltimore. One suspects that the Governor did not expect to have the pestiferous Mooney case on his front doorstep so soon again. Nevertheless, MacDonald has been taken to California and has had a hearing before the Supreme Court of the State. He declared that his identification of Mooney and Billings as the men who planted the fatal bomb was obtained under duress by the San Francisco police. He named particularly Police Captain Charles Goff, who, called subsequently to the stand, denied in toto MacDonald's charges. But more important than the pressure put upon him by Goff, according to MacDonald's testimony, was the almost hypnotic influence exercised over him by District Attorney Charles Fickert.

It is evident that as a witness MacDonald presented a sorry spectacle. He wept and cringed; he was obviously ill and aged beyond his years. He told not one clear story, recanting his testimony, but three or four, not quite knowing what he had seen or heard, a man beset by fears, at the mercy of anyone, claiming to be "under a spell." But if this poor sniveling creature's testimony now is difficult of credence, how much more worthless it should be as a reason —almost the sole remaining reason—for keeping two men in prison for the rest of their natural lives. It is easy to see how Governor Young and the Supreme Court of California may hesitate to credit the conflicting stories that MacDonald offers them. It is difficult to see how they can accept any of his stories, past or present, as testimony.

Yet we are pessimistic enough not to hold out much hope. As long as there is a shred of evidence not completely discredited, Mooney and Billings will stay in jail. Because the sentiment of California is in general against them. Because the State Supreme Court, when in its remarkable decision refusing Billings a pardon it declared the two men to be bad characters who knew who threw the bomb if they did not throw it themselves, voiced the opinion of California as a whole. California does not like what it calls labor agitators; it thinks such men are better out of the way. When it finds itself so fortunate as to have two of these dangerous persons actually behind prison bars, it means to keep them there. It does not matter that the trial judge, eleven of the jury, and every important witness now declare that Mooney and Billings were falsely convicted. In a little more than a fortnight Governor Young will be voted on at the primaries. He will, we venture to assert, find reasons for not rendering a decision on the new aspect of the case until after that time. If he does render a decision, it will be once more against a pardon. We by no means wish to direct Mooney and Billings to give up hope. We do think they will do well to fix their hopes on another governor, on another time, on another temper. Yet they are more alive in San Quentin than most persons out of it. Theirs is a *cause célèbre*. Which is less heartening than being simply free.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun*

WHY is it supposed to be screamingly funny if anybody but a professional politician runs for public office in this country? I used to hear exhortations from prominent men urging the average citizen to take an interest in governmental affairs and participate in elections and at the end of these orations everybody used to applaud and act as if they were in thorough agreement. But the minute I found myself nominated for Congress on the Socialist ticket in the Seventeenth District all my friends, and even comparative strangers, behaved as if it were the joke of the month. I'm perfectly willing to admit the existence of humorous phases. Obviously, I am not superbly equipped by temperament or training to serve as a member of the House of Representatives. But I can learn, and the standard is not distressingly high. And then I have the advantage of not having to unlearn as much as most Democrats and Republicans.

It is well, I believe, for every candidate on whatever ticket to behave as if his election were assured. Concerning my own fate I have found some doubt even in the minds of staunch adherents. Only the other afternoon I happened to remark to my friend Edward J. MacNamara: "I hope it won't be as hot as this in Washington." "Don't worry," he answered; "you'll never notice it at all." If I know the boundaries of my district it is not altogether strategically situated for a Socialist. For instance, I've got Central Park. One party member assures me that out of that section the only vote he got was that of the shepherd, who has since changed his residence. Of course, there's not much hope of doing anything with the sheep or the squirrels. The former are assuredly Republicans from the cradle to the grave while the squirrels can be counted on to split between the Communists and the Democrats.

Another handicap of a Socialist candidate in New York City is that there will be raised up against him that familiar cry "Why throw away your vote?" And in that I think I see an edge of irony. A voter who casts his ballot for a Democrat or a Republican is supposed to get some practical benefit from his effort. And this, it seems to me, is singularly inaccurate. Take, for instance, the case of the jobless. The men and women who voted for Herbert Hoover in the Presidential campaign and for Jimmy Walker in the mayoralty election received precisely the same amount of attention. Mr. Hoover gave them a few proclamations and the Mayor expressed the pious hope that the city might have a blizzard so that the snow fund would go for outdoor relief.

Yet possibly I am being unfair. Washington did one thing more. The government dispatched men to each home to ascertain whether the householders were out of work and how long it had been since the last job. Uncle Sam also inquired solicitously whether each of us owned a radio. I assume that a kindly great white father hoped that even if we did not eat well we still might hear Amos 'n' Andy.

It's a dangerous thing to be dogmatic about unemployment. No person and no party should make any rash promises about curing it forthwith. England's Labor Party, without benefit of a clear majority to be sure, has not succeeded. Nor has the Communist Government of Russia. Yet there are definite things which can be done immediately. Old-age pensions and unemployment insurance would certainly help. And even if a solution for the whole vexed problem does not lie just around the corner it is time that a beginning was made toward amelioration. Mr. Hoover has been one of the most confirmed drifters ever to occupy the Presidency. Certainly he has offered nothing in regard to the unemployment situation except a series of optimistic proclamations saying that everything was all right and that even if it were not it would be in a trice. But that trice has lingered and lingered.

Once in an idle columnar moment I announced that if I ever became a candidate for anything at all I would be not only a wet but a wettest. The Socialist Party seems less moist than that. One can understand the logic of those who say that it is silly to get perturbed over the workingman who can't get a drink when attention might so much better be directed to the one who can't get a loaf of bread. Serious-minded students of economic problems are apt to regard prohibition as the mere dragging of red liquor across the trail of world affairs. But the question cuts deeper than these scholars imagine. The practice of prohibition has done more than any other issue to corrupt the integrity of political thinking. Parties and politicians have been dodgers since the beginning of time but all the records for long-distance straddling have been set in the Volstead era.

This technique having been established, it has been employed by Republicans and Democrats in regard to all the issues. For instance, the policy of keeping mum about unemployment and hoping that in time it will correct itself is of a piece with the prevailing practices in regard to prohibition. And now the tariff is something which we are asked to take for granted and never look in the mouth. It seems to me that progress cannot come from any quarter until there is a gentlemen's agreement on the part of all contenders actually to face issues and take sides. Until we can rid prohibition of hypocrisy we are not likely to be fair and frank about anything else.

Politics is so much a game that even in the case of a novice it is difficult to talk naturally and truthfully. For instance, I would like to confess that I am not easy yet in the practice of my party which sets "comrade" as the form of address to be used in speaking to Socialists. When I am told that "this is comrade Kelly," or "comrade Cohen" I am apt to become embarrassed and fall into the thoroughgoing capitalistic greeting of "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Kelly and Mr. Cohen." But that too can be set down among the number of things which I must learn in making my first campaign for Congress. The dignity of the office I consider highly complimentary for a beginner. Mr. Coolidge's first campaign was for selectman and every morning but Saturday you can see what he worked up to.

HEYWOOD BROUN

* Mr. Broun will be absent on vacation during the coming four weeks. On his return he will take up his new work as dramatic critic for *The Nation* in the absence of Joseph Wood Krutch. His first article will appear in our issue of September 17.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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Our Attitude Toward Russia

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHAT should be the American attitude toward Russia? Because of the renewed anti-Russian campaign, the amazing and humiliating performances of the Fish committee of the House of Representatives, the embargo upon pulp wood, and the demand of Matthew Woll and his followers that by 1932 all trade with Russia be proscribed, the subject has been in recent weeks the foremost one before the country. It is therefore worth examining dispassionately and at length both as to principles and as to policy, all the more so since I find here and there liberals and idealists who are sincerely worried as to what is the right attitude. They ask whether in the name of humanity and liberty the United States should not make effective its disapproval of both the Russian and the Italian dictatorships to aid in bringing them down in a collapse which would enable the masses of both countries to erect more democratic governments.

To this the answer must be no, so far as any censorship of other governments by our government is concerned. Until the Administration of Woodrow Wilson it had been the usual policy of the United States to recognize every de facto government without inquiry as to whether the hands of its masters were free from blood, how they attained power, or what treatment they were according to their subjects. I recall only one case in Europe, that of the Serbian regicides, in which recognition was withheld by any of the great Powers.

The reasons for this answer are obvious. If each country is going to sit in judgment on the manners, morals, and past record of every other, the world will be in for endless trouble and bloodletting. Practically no country, certainly not the United States, can come into court with clean enough hands to be able honestly to put on the judicial ermine. Finally, in numerous countries—the United States, for instance—any given administration is a political one which cannot be trusted to be unaffected by purely political considerations, such as the voice of organized labor, or of organized big business. The relations between nations are easily disturbed, and when disturbed are pacified only at tremendous costs—often in human lives. It is plain, then, that so far as possible they should be kept out of the hands of political officials, especially of such underlings as our present Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, men not directly charged with responsibility for foreign affairs. That gentleman has backed and filled in such an extraordinary way in the present controversy and has displayed so much personal bias as to make it clear that he is without the judicial quality needed in so complex and and serious a situation.

That public sentiment in the United States has not always been content in the past with a policy of recognition as a matter of course, without reference to conditions in the recognized country, is true. During the Czar's regime, after the revelations of George Kennan concerning the horrors of exile in Siberia and of the prisons in eastern Russia, and later after the frightful pogroms in which so many Jewish men, women, and children were butchered in cold blood, strong representations were made to Washington to sever relations with such a country. There was a time, too, when sympathizers with the dire plight of the Armenians sought to have the United States break off relations with the "Terrible Turk." But not until Woodrow Wilson began playing cat and mouse with Mexico in connection with the Huerta regime, if I remember rightly, did we officially begin to use the procedure of recognition as a means of approval or disapproval—or, as in the case of Mexico, as a weapon actually to overthrow the status quo. Actually we have refused to recognize Russia because we disapprove of her economic system, because of her refusal to pay us moneys she owes us, because of our dislike and distrust of her rulers. It is her manners as well as her words which have been used as the excuse for refusal to recognize what is certainly a well-established and going concern.

But there is indubitably a respectable section of the American people who think that we ought to make Russia feel the lash of our hostile public opinion; that it would serve the reds right to break off all trade with them. I know of one who has lived for years in Russia and seen such horrors in the prison camps there that he would gladly join Mr. Woll, though he would be quick to admit that the horrors in our own prisons as proved by the Columbus, Ohio, prison fire and the recent jail uprisings would justify strong foreign protests. These protestants against Russia would have us forbid any American to enter the land of the Soviets and would sever all trade connections. They are morally outraged when *The Nation* and other journals speak of the $700,000,000 of American trade with Russia during the past few years as a reason for not breaking off relations. They say that that is a big-business argument unworthy of idealists; that even if it should throw millions of Americans out of employment we must break off all relations so that the Russian people may realize the low position in the world to which their present rulers have brought them. We must not compromise with evil.

To this the answer has already been given: we are not called upon nor are we morally in a position to intervene in Russia's internal life or to pass judgment upon the acts of her rulers. One has only to think of the feeling which would be aroused in Great Britain if we should sever relations with her because of her terrible misgovernment of India—a record established by the testimony of many high-minded English men and women and admitted by Ramsay MacDonald himself in his pre-office demand for India's complete independence. One can imagine the rage in the American press if France or Italy should propose to cut off diplomatic and trade relations with us because of our lynchings—the blackest stain on any nation in the world—and because of our cruelty to the Negroes. I must admit, however, that when Italy did close her legation in Washington for a period of years because of the refusal of the United States and the State of Louisiana to make any reparation for the shocking mob murder of a number of Italian citizens, there

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was then little protest. Any radical action by the United States against the Soviets would be readily explained to the Russian people as a purely capitalistic move against communism under the hypocritical guise of a moral protest. The result would be that the business which Russia now sends to the United States would go instead to France, Italy, England, and Germany.

It may be a regrettable state of affairs that we cannot bring moral force to bear on a government that seems to us to be clearly in the wrong. But can we be sure that our judgments as to what is right or wrong in other governments are right? That the information we base our decisions upon is correct? Here is Matthew Woll quoted as asserting that he can exclude all Russian goods under Section 307 of the new tariff law because every worker in Russia is an indentured slave to the brutal and cruel oligarchy which enforces its will upon him. I have no desire whatever to minimize the evil side of the Communist rule in Russia, or to excuse in the slightest degree the horrible injustices and wrongs which are daily perpetrated, but Mr. Woll's statement is an absurdity. The *New Freeman* has just recalled that highly significant story of the visit of some British miners to a Russian mine and their resulting criticisms. The Russian workers answered that their visitors ignored one thing. The British miners were curious. "Our mines *belong to us*," the Soviet workers answered. There are vast multitudes in Russia who are conscientiously and enthusiastically with the Soviet rulers. It is as near the truth to say of them that they are slaves at forced labor as to assert the same of American labor, which dances to the tune of the capitalist piper, upon whom depends how near to or how far from the line of bare subsistence the worker and his family are compelled to live.

The only safe way to influence other countries which seem to us to be following false gods is by public opinion expressed in the usual way, and not through governmental action. Thus, there are many Americans like myself who feel that the Italian dictatorship is just as odious and just as hostile to our American institutions as the Russian; that the Italian Fascist activities in the United States are far more dangerous and insidious than any Russian Communist activities "in our midst." But we are utterly opposed to the breaking off of diplomatic ties or the cessation of business with Mussolini's subjects. Mussolini and Stalin can no more be overthrown from the outside than can Herbert Hoover be driven out of the White House by foreign pressure.

It is possible that constant foreign criticism may finally influence the policies of both Russia and Italy; indeed, I thought that the recent soft-pedaling of the anti-religious campaign in Russia was plainly due to aroused public opinion in other countries. It is to be hoped that similarly, in time, the rising tide of world-wide resentment against American imperialism in the Caribbean and our cruel, callous, and selfish tariff policy may finally pierce the crust of American self-satisfaction, self-contentment, and conceit.

Meanwhile what should the American policy toward Russia be? First, recognition of the Bolshevist government. It is absurd to do business running into the hundreds of millions with Russia—it will soon be far greater than it is now—and then to deprive our traders of the protection which goes with diplomatic relations. To pretend we are not doing business with the Soviets when we are is certainly unworthy of any decent government.

Secondly, we should court the exchange of visitors from and to Russia in order that Russians may then see for themselves where our institutions are superior to theirs and vice versa; we are without fears that our own securely established institutions will collapse because of the propaganda of such foreign visitors. We should, however, make it perfectly clear to the Russians that in inviting them as guests to this country we expect them to behave as guests and that we shall hold them to that standard. We should point out to them that at home they savagely exile or execute without fair trial anybody whom they suspect of seeking to overthrow their institutions and economic system; that they obviously are without any right to enter our country to interfere with our institutions. This does not mean that Russians should be debarred from making addresses over here or from interpreting their beliefs to us.

Thirdly, we should seek in every way to make the Russians feel that we regard them as members of the human family on equal terms with all others and to include them in every international action. The more we show our confidence in them the better will they react, the quicker will they get over their obsession that we are seeking to combine with other capitalist nations to destroy them. This is of enormous importance because, as long as this situation exists, there exists the threat of war; with it removed I believe that the Russians will prove to be the most pacific of peoples, readier to disarm than any other Continental nation.

Fourthly, as to the so-called menace of "dumping," we have laws upon the statute books aimed to prevent this very procedure (not that I approve of them; the only sound remedy for such an abuse of international trade lies elsewhere). As for the coal and lumber which they are sending to us, they constitute so far only a fraction of 1 per cent of our domestic consumption, and the same is true of the pulp wood that we are now importing. It is not less trade with Russia which we need but more, and as free as it can be made. Especially is this true today when our export trade is in such a parlous condition and Congress and the Administration together seem determined to smash all they can of it. Here, too, the tying of Russia into international trade on the largest possible scale will not only make for peace in the world, but will also tend emphatically to modify the aggressive attitude of these new zealots for communism and to help them to understand and respect the motives and the ideals of other people.

Let us do away with our craven fears of the Communist menace. As I have so often said, if the Bolsheviks can prove that theirs is the best way of life for all mankind, the whole world will accept their doctrines. If they fail to prove this they will probably retrace their steps in a capitalist direction. I suppose it is too much to expect that those like Matthew Woll and Congressman Fish who are so terrified by the Russian menace may see something good in Russia. As a matter of fact, besides the bloody and bad side there is a great deal of fine idealism, and a genuine desire to uplift humanity and to modernize Russia under the Soviets. It behooves us not to ignore this. We are certainly the last people in the world to cast stones indiscriminately, for the sad fact is that of all peoples we are the most feared, disliked, and hated.

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Why Stalin Won

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, July 22

THE sixteenth party congress just ended was a complete victory for Stalin. Premier Rykov was unexpectedly retained in the Politburo, and Tomsky and Bukharin, his Right-wing colleagues, were reelected into the Central Committee on Stalin's own wish. They get another trial. They could easily have been eliminated. The congress did Stalin's bidding. What is the secret of Stalin's unquestioned strength? He controls every wheel and screw of the party machine, which is the source of authority and power in the Soviet Union. This is extremely important. For dynamic energy, driving force, and discipline the Russian Communist Party is unique the world over, perhaps even throughout history. But party manipulations are not everything. To explain Stalin's influence by his absolute domination of the party apparatus is to neglect the most decisive psychological and economic factors of the Soviet situation.

Russia today is the strangest combination of brightest white and darkest black. You may spend one evening in a discussion of unprecedented, exciting achievements and the next evening—often among foreigners who suffer the least—listening to distressing tales of hardships. Both are true. Communists, however, are an optimistic, enthusiastic race. They glory in their accomplishments but wave away difficulties. This was the spirit of the delegates who defeated Rykov, Bukharin, and Tomsky and riotously hailed Stalin as their chief.

I encountered some of the delegates. If you mentioned the food shortage they spoke of Dnieperstroi, Kuznetzstroi, Magnitogorsk, and the other huge power, iron, and steel works which will be larger than any in Europe. If you reminded them that people cannot buy shoes and textiles they told you that in three years Russia will be the world's second-largest producer of cast iron, that the Soviet Union is turning out more and more machines, that its industrial output is double the pre-war amount and will soon be doubled again, that collectives and state farms will eliminate the food shortage, that at the end of the Five-Year Plan—in 1933—Russia will be manufacturing more tractors than America, that she will then export grain, grow her own cotton, and have enough live stock to satisfy home demands, and, finally, that the Soviet Union is quickly ceasing to be a backward, semi-Asiatic country.

Men in this optimistic mood, convinced that they are about to "overtake and outstrip" capitalist nations, and themselves responsible for the construction now in progress, do not want it interrupted, will not listen to Cassandra warnings, and will not applaud meek-minded moderates who caution against excessive haste in industrialization and collectivization. The Right-wingers irritate them; Stalin, on the other hand, makes faith in victory a doctrine. This same faith then becomes another factor in that victory. Stalin fires his followers with additional zeal by preaching self-assurance; he increases the construction tasks assigned, introduces a sporting element into their fulfilment, and mows down the doubters. Seers of evil, prophets of disaster have no place in Bolshevik psychology. This is one of the outstanding subjective weaknesses of the Right cause, and one of Stalin's greatest advantages.

The Right platform stands on three pillars: (1) more freedom to the kulak, or rich peasant, (2) less collectivization, and (3) stimulation of light industries which produce goods for immediate consumption. But all these proposals are impracticable. Why? Public recantations do not change the leopard's spots, and Rykov, Tomsky, and especially Bukharin want the upper layer of the peasantry to work with less official interference. It is Bukharin's old summons to the mujik to "get rich," which he retracted under pressure in 1925 but which he obviously still upholds. If the kulak could become rich every sredniak, or middle peasant, would follow in his footsteps, for the sredniak, as Trotzky writes, "is the kulak conveyor." (He feeds the kulak ranks belt-fashion.) And that would spell the end of collectivization. Immersed in private-capitalistic instincts, not wholly prepared psychologically for cooperative cultivation, and not yet completely convinced of the benefits of collective farming, the sredniak submitted to collectivization because the door to individual enrichment was closed by the government's suppression of the kulak. The reversal of this policy would throw the sredniak—40 per cent or so of the peasantry—into the anti-Communist camp, suspend collectivization, and obstruct the socialization of the village. A large class of prosperous individualistic farmers in Russia would mean a liberal, petty-bourgeois Russia with soviets persisting only as an outward form.

The suppression of the kulak class is the corollary of collectivization and vice versa. Collectivization is the cornerstone of Bolshevik agrarian policy. It is inconceivable that the Communists should suspend or weaken collectivization or support any leaders who suggest such a measure. The Right may perform a useful function in drawing attention to uneconomic means of collectivizing and to the need of improving the internal organization of collectives, but it cannot gain a wide party following by condemning collectivization as a system. For without collectivization there can be no socialism and no Bolshevik solution of the peasant problem.

The strength of the Right-wingers lies in the friendly echo their views arouse among the peasant and petty-bourgeois masses. But this is the very cause of their downfall within the party, which sees the danger of tolerating prominent Communists who advocate heterodox policies with a broad appeal. For the same reason, on the other hand, the Right cannot be dealt with so summarily as the Trotzky opposition. The Bukharin opposition has roots. Less is achieved by merely cutting off the plant above the ground. The Right-wingers' peasant policy demands the stimulation of light industry. To induce the peasant to part with his increased yield resulting from greater individual freedom, they say, the city must offer him more goods for immediate consumption. The impulse thus given to light industry will also react to the benefit of the urban population.

Now nobody would object to the alleviation of the

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"goods famine" if it could be attained without damage to heavy industry. The heavy industries must not suffer. They are the solid foundation which bolshevism is laying for Russia's future development. Without them the country is dependent, incapable of defense in war, and doomed to a low standard of living. Moreover, if agricultural overproduction continues throughout the world, and if the Soviet Union were to remain a predominantly agrarian country, nobody would desire her exports, her foreign trade would shrink, and her growth would be stunted. Industrialization is the historic function of bolshevism and answers the highest national interests. In the end the nation will be grateful to the Soviet regime for its persistence and courage in carrying out a difficult program despite the terrific costs to all inhabitants of the Union. The heavy industrialization base of the new structure is of course not an end in itself but a means whereby light industry may prosper. Ultimately, more coal, cast iron, steel, turbines, chemicals, spindles, locomotives must mean more shoes, shirts, clothing, and more food too. But it is just this "ultimately"—the time element—that is so trying. While the foundation is under construction the people forego many necessities. In two years, in three years at the most, the dividends on the present sacrifice investment will probably be paid. This intervening period is inevitably filled with murmurs, complaints, and sour "anecdotes." The Right wing reflects this displeasure.

A compromise on this issue is not impossible. For whereas surrender on collectivization might be disastrous, a slackening of the pace of heavy industrialization so that textile, leather-wear, clothing, and food industries would receive more money and materials is not precluded. There is at least margin here for maneuvering. Yet I do not think it realistic to expect any very appreciable improvement of light industry in the near future. The state cannot well discontinue the construction of the great metallurgical plants at Magnitogorsk, in the Kuznetz basin in Siberia, and around Dnieperstroi, nor of the two huge additional tractor factories in Cheliabinsk and Kharkov, nor of the Nizhni Novgorod automobile factory, nor of the numerous other heavy industrial "giants" which have been started in the past year or two. The government, as Kuibishev, reporting on industry, told the party congress, must also carry out the program of 15,000,000 tons of cast iron by 1932-33 (compared with 5,500,000 tons this year and 4,200,000 tons in 1913), which requires corresponding increases in kindred heavy industries like coal, oil, electricity, transport. This being the case, little surplus strength or funds will be left for light industry.

These and other Soviet economic problems meet at one focal point—foreign trade. Although the means of production are being manufactured in Russia in mounting quantities, the Bolsheviks must turn to foreign countries for much of the equipment of their big steel and electrical power plants and for technical engineering assistance. This costs money. It must be paid for in foreign currency or gold, which Moscow does not possess in abundance. Further depletion of the solid metal cover of the ruble would induce further inflation with all its initial benefits and all its disastrous after-effects. Moscow must therefore husband its valuta, force exports even at the expense of prime domestic necessities, and cut imports to the bone so as to include little else than the indispensable needs of heavy industry. This is the root of the people's hardships. For instance, Russia must import cotton from the United States. But it prefers to spend its dollars on drills, compressors, and turbines for the Stalingrad tractor works and similar undertakings. Cotton, consequently, reaches the Soviet Union in reduced volume, the country is textile-hungry, and textile factories, some of them new, close down for want of raw material.

The chief hope for an early improvement on the internal market lies in foreign credits, which would make it unnecessary for Russia to export food, tobacco, and other products its own population needs and at the same time allow the government to import more raw materials—in addition, of course, to machinery. Foreign credits, on good terms, would bring a sigh of relief to Moscow. We may therefore see a more liberal Soviet foreign policy under a very influential new commissar. But observers who interpret the first signs of such a policy as the beginnings of a swerve to the Right internally are quite mistaken. The contrary is true, for the principle holds almost invariably that a Left policy which produces the greatest strain inside may well be complemented by a Right strategy to win the most help abroad.

Special difficulties arise this year owing to the fall of world prices. Russia's exports will expand in volume, but oil, lumber, and cereals will fetch relatively less—an estimated 28 per cent less. Considerable grain sales to foreign customers—the Union may export some 2,500,000 tons after the present harvest—should, however, repair this loss. The final solution of the shortages will come, nevertheless, not through outside assistance but from the reorganization of agriculture. Kuibishev said this to the party congress in almost so many words. Only when the state farms and collectives yield vastly more live stock, poultry, bread, dairy products, cotton, tobacco, sugar, vegetables, flax, fats, and fruit will the problem of internal supply be settled satisfactorily. Here again, therefore, everything hinges on collectivization—and on tractors, fertilizer, agricultural machinery, in other words, on heavy industry. Heavy industrialization and collectivization are Siamese twins. Collectivization implies an anti-kulak war.

Since light industries cannot be greatly stimulated, since collectivization must not be undermined, since the kulak will not be amnestied, the Right platform collapses, the Right-wingers suffer defeat, and Stalin wins. I think the Right wing, though convinced of the justice of its negative criticism, fears the possible results of its positive recommendations. To turn back in 1930 might signify a retreat down a decline which offered no opportunities for digging in at halfway stations. In *The Nation* of April 30, 1930, I suggested that despite the rightward zigzag of March "a large potential of Leftness" remained which would act as a "guaranty against any permanent or far-reaching swing to the Right." This has certainly been borne out by events since that date. And the "potential of Leftness" is far from exhausted. Nothing but a severe economic crisis will force a change of policy under Stalin's leadership.

Psychology and economics are Stalin's favorable winds. He is also the party "boss." But he is, in addition, the Soviet Union's most striking personality. He outranks all other Russian statesmen in courage, will-power, maneuvering talents, political organizing ability, and primitive tenacity. If he lacks the intellectual attainments of a Trotzky or

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Bukharin his very directness, force, and even crudeness appeal to a party whose membership has changed radically since 1924 and in which the prerevolutionary "highbrow" feels himself slightly out in the cold. Stalin's job, of course, is no bed of roses. But he weathered the mad tempest that raged in the villages during January and February, and even emerged from it strengthened. Now he will do well to look to the mood of the workers. Their real wages must not fall below the present level. Prices should be pegged, and the criminal inefficiency of the cooperatives eradicated.

A good friend might also advise Stalin to put a stop to the orgy of personal glorification of Stalin which has been permitted to sweep the country. This is Stalin's Achilles heel. From being the modest, retiring leader whom few saw or heard—the silent power behind the "throne"—he has in recent months stepped forth into the brightest limelight and seems to enjoy it. He has become the object of thickly smeared praise, fawning adulation, and tasteless obeisance. Bolshevik politicians go out of their way to sing extravagant odes to Stalin's person (Zinoviev is the last to do it). Daily, hundreds of telegrams pour in on him brimming over with Oriental super-compliments: "Thou art the greatest leader . . . the most devoted disciple of Lenin," and the like. Three cities, innumerable villages, collectives, schools, factories, and institutions have been named after him, and now somebody has started a movement to christen the Turksib the "Stalin Railway." I have gone back over the newspapers from 1919 to 1922; Lenin never permitted such antics and he was more popular than Stalin can ever hope to be. It exposes a weak side of Stalin's character which his enemies, who are numerous, are sure to exploit, for it is as un-Bolshevik as it is politically unwise. If Stalin is not responsible for this performance he at least tolerates it. He could stop it by pressing a button.

"When the Senate's Away—"

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, August 2

ACCORDING to my fair-haired colleagues, whom working reporters love to designate as the Boy Scouts of the Rapidan, recent events have disclosed "a new Hoover" in the White House. The newcomer is described as "a strong, self-reliant executive, who purposes to rule without being ruled" and as "a President who is resolved to endure no more heckling from the Senate." Well, well. If memory serves me that is precisely how they described the old Hoover in their dispatches, and hence it is rather difficult to ascertain from their latest reports what change, if any, has occurred. This is regrettable, because the public naturally is curious to know how perfection could be made more perfect. Fortunately, bewilderment is unnecessary. What we actually have is the same old Herbert, operating under changed conditions. It will be observed that his determination not to endure the slings and arrows of the Senate was reached just after the Senate adjourned. His new strength and self-reliance, therefore, are explainable on the simple ground that nobody remains in Washington to challenge them. I am reminded of the old soak who was thrown out of a saloon. After the proprietor had closed up and departed for the night the unwelcome customer returned, thundered bravely at the door, and shouted: "Now come outside and put me out."

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IT is significant that one of the first acts of this bigger and braver Hoover was to reveal a secret that he had guarded carefully throughout the sixteen months that Congress was in session: to wit, that he is opposed to government operation of Muscle Shoals and heartily approves the scheme to turn that $160,000,000 public property over to private power companies. The manner in which he intervened in a Republican primary campaign in Tennessee in behalf of Representative Carroll Reece makes it fairly clear that he inspired the action by which Reece blocked a compromise in the last session that would have provided for government operation of the power plant and private operation of the fertilizer plant. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that Reece is a political friend and associate of the lamented Claudius Huston, who finally was squeezed out of the Republican national chairmanship for getting caught at the business of collecting funds for the Muscle Shoals lobby and temporarily depositing them in his stock-trading account. When Mr. Hoover was running for the Presidency he made a speech at Elizabethton, Tennessee, in which he said: "There are local instances where the government must enter the business field as a by-product of some great major purpose, such as improvement of navigation, flood control, scientific research, or national defense, but they do not vitiate the general policy to which we should adhere." Subsequently, replying to newspaper requests that he name local instances which were exceptions to the rule, he said: "You may say that means Muscle Shoals," and still later he added: "There is no question about government ownership of Muscle Shoals, as the government already owns both the power and nitrate plants. The major purposes which were advanced for its construction were navigation, scientific research, and national defense"; in other words, for the identical purposes which he had said warranted the government in "entering the business field." But now, it appears, he is taking advantage of his use of the word "ownership" to deny that he ever favored government "operation." One marvels, then, why he saw fit to discuss the subject in such terms, since everybody knew the government owned the plant, and everybody knows the government is not "entering the field of business" when it leases its property to private operators.

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THE truth is that this is a "power administration." That it would be was evident to anyone who had studied Mr. Hoover's record on the power question prior to his Presidential campaign in 1928. For years he had been the darling of the National Electric Light Association, traveling as far as San Francisco to deliver the principal address at one of its sessions. As Secretary of Commerce he trained

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a number of bright young men who subsequently landed lucrative jobs with various branches of the power trust. During his Presidential campaign he succeeded in dodging the issue by such characteristically worded statements as that quoted above, but once he was elected the mask was allowed to slip. For Secretary of the Interior, an office which carried with it membership on the Federal Power Commission and authority to apportion Boulder Dam power, he named his old schoolmate Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur. For years Wilbur had been engaged in filling the board of trustees of Leland Stanford University with power magnates, some of them connected with the private companies which later applied to him for a large share of Boulder Dam power. For the Republican chairmanship, Hoover selected Huston, who had long busied himself in behalf of the power companies seeking possession of Boulder Dam. When the time came to appoint a chairman of the reorganized power commission, whom did he select but Lieutenant General Edgar Jadwin, who had done his utmost to turn Cove Creek over to the Electric Bond and Share Company? Of course, Mr. Hoover is opposed to government operation of Muscle Shoals. He is opposed to anything that would reveal the extent of the profits now being made by private power companies. That is one of the reasons he was nominated and elected.

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THE belated ouster of Huston finally was accomplished, it seems, through the deft manipulation of Postmaster General Walter Brown. Just what sort of fire he succeeded in building under the clammy Claudius does not appear on the record, but the retiring chairman did not hesitate to acknowledge the force that broke his grip. His first reported remark after his resignation was "Enter the Ohio Gang again." This alluded also to the plan to make Simeon D. Fess his immediate successor, and in that respect it was an unkind remark, because all the world knows that Simeon is a godly man, even if he does find it expedient in great emergencies to lie to the White House correspondents about what Presidents say to him. The plan to give Simeon the chairmanship and make Robert H. Lucas chairman of the executive committee contemplates that Fess shall do the talking and Lucas the thinking, although there is a feeling in some quarters that the talking might as well be dispensed with. Brown is expected to aspire eventually to the chairmanship. His failure to become candidate now is explained by friends on the ground of his ambition to wipe out the postal deficit before leaving the job. My own guess is that he will wait until after the Blaine committee has concluded its investigation of fraud and favoritism in connection with post-office leases. It is possible that developments before the committee might tend to impair Mr. Brown's future usefulness to the party. He is wise to wait and see. To have two Republican chairmen forced to resign within six months as the result of Senate investigation would be a calamity too great to bear.

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HAM FISH'S "red-herring committee" has terminated its efforts for the summer, after a performance in Chicago in which its conduct was so disgraceful that even the Republican newspapers of that hard-boiled town were provoked to scorn. After listening at length and with obvious pleasure to the testimony of a professional labor-baiter, the committee consented to hear Arthur W. Fisher, an attorney who has made considerable inquiry into repeated instances of police brutality toward local Communists. Fisher was promptly interrupted by Fish and Congressman Nelson of Maine, who questioned him at length in an effort to show that he had been a slacker during the war and that he was benefiting financially from Russian trade with the United States. Perhaps the only reason they did not accuse him outright of bolshevism was because his father was a member of the Cabinet of the late President Taft. After an hour of insult and insinuation, during which they resolutely suppressed his efforts to testify, these Congressional hoodlums climaxed their antics by grabbing their hats and rushing out of the room, leaving the witness on the stand. Aside from giving the committee members a free junket around the country, the aim of this "investigation" is to make political capital for Ham Fish. Ham is consumed by an ambition to get on in politics. Never having possessed any original ideas of his own, he made shift to borrow the worn-out device of saving the Republic from the reds. Ham was a good football player at Princeton, and it seems a pity that sophomores are not required to stay in college until they grow up. If that seems impossible, as in his case, it is all the more reason for keeping them at school.

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OUT in Kansas Henry Allen is doing some terrible sweating, not all of which is due to the heat. No man who ever came to the Senate, unless we except the pious George Wharton Pepper, harbored such a desperate desire to return as that which now agitates Henry. To be able to lift his voice in that hallowed chamber, to be described (in his own paper, at least) as "President Hoover's spokesman," to strut before visiting Kansans, and to reside in a city where decent food and drink are still obtainable—all this constitutes for Henry the final consummation of human hopes and ambitions. But circumstances have played him foul. He is torn between his solicitude for the wheat farmers and his desire to continue standing by President Hoover and the Hoover farm policies against which Kansas farmers are in rebellion. For any other man such a problem would be almost insoluble. It may be too much for Henry, but I doubt it. I have observed him at close range on many occasions, public and private, and it is my firm belief that he has a rubber spine and that all his convictions are mounted on ball bearings. If it is possible to survive by taking both sides of a question or neither, in stentorian tones, Henry will be back, or so I fear.

Pigeons Wading

By RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG

The shadow of the elm is like a pool
  Of rippling purple, and its small pensioners
Are pigeons wading, dipping in the cool
  Crushed-grape with coral feet. If wind stirs,
The edges ebb and flood, the diamond flecks
  Of sun are lifted and scattered over and over
On the dusty road, on the iridescent necks,
  While the pigeons flutter to the wave's dark cover.

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Deer Dance in Taos

By MARY HEATON VORSE

IN Taos, just before spring, is held the deer dance. First, as though incidentally, comes the corn dance. Two rows of women in each of whose hands is a cedar branch dance the corn dance. They weave soft patterns with their feet, clad in the high white buckskin moccasins which Taos women wear. Their skirts are wide and are girded with bright woven girdles. About their necks flow chains of silver and turquoise and of white wampum. Their faces are wide and impassive and a rich color stains their cheeks. Between two lines are the Koshare, the fun-makers. They are nearly naked and their headdresses are of corn husks. The fox tails bob as they dance. The corn dance stops. The deer dance is to begin.

Two women in white buckskin go forth from the pueblo. They carry in each hand ceremonial eagle feathers. This dance is different from all other dances. The women go forth and by their magic force the wild creatures of the forest to follow them back to the pueblo. The shy creatures, doe and buck, fawn and fox and hare, follow in close procession the magic of the white-clad women with the ceremonial feathers. Bewitched, enchanted, the creatures of the forest come following the dancing maidens. And from their muzzles come cries—the bellow of a buck in terror, the cry of a fawn. Round and round they go, padding, picking their way—animals under a terrible enchantment, forced by the magic of the maidens to leave the woods and hills, to leave their hiding-places, their burrows. This is a dance like no other. The hoarse cries of the bewitched creatures who follow, follow the slowly dancing maidens. Round and round they go—following, crying aloud their pain and bewilderment.

Hunters with tiny bows attack the deer and mime their fate. Now and then a hunter seizes a creature—fawn, fox, or rabbit—and runs with him. The animal hangs limp as though dead across the shoulders of the hunter. The hunter must get across the bridge which separates the two parts of the Taos pueblo before a spectator intercepts him. Running swiftly with his burden goes the hunter, dodging and feinting. Only twice during the dance is a hunter successful.

There are various stories current as to the meaning of the deer dance. You will find as many, almost, as there are people. But what you have seen is enough. You have witnessed enchantment, something holy and unholy. You have seen the wild creatures bewitched by women who are themselves under a spell, as with unseeing eyes, with their ceremonial eagle feathers in their hands, they weave patterns decreed by the never-ceasing drum.

The spectator is himself bewitched. Only later does he remember the exquisite rhythms of the dancing creatures—the leap and plunge of the hunter, the swiftness of the men running with the animals across their shoulders, the greater swiftness of the pursuer and rescuer. And amidst the by-play of the hunters the maidens dance, dance, dance to the throbbing drum, dance as if in a dream, leading the lowing horde of creatures.

It is over at last. The rows of women in the corn dance face one another again. The Koshare leap about them. Now the spectators are laughing, the women are laughing. The Koshare, naked, fox tails bobbing, dance in the center between the two rows of women. "They dance something else, the Koshare. They will not let the women dance." The Koshare have interjected their own rhythm, they interrupt and confuse with their soft thudding feet. It is as though you should play one tune to interrupt another. But we, who would at another time be enthralled by the corn dance, have been too much moved by this other less stylized dance, this subtle deer dance which leads the mind into allegory and strange thoughts.

The dances are not over. Tonight in the pueblo there is to be a celebration for the new governor. The governors of the tribes have for insignia of office the gold-headed cane presented to them by Abraham Lincoln.

The pueblo dances for the governor and the new officers, who sit in their houses and receive the various groups who perform before them. The governor has ten assistants. The secretary-treasurer of the tribe has ten. Each group of dancers dances twenty-two times. They stop, incidentally, to dance in the houses of relatives and friends. We go to one of these.

We go first to a house at the entrance of the pueblo. Our host may not drive a car. He can be a passenger but he may not drive on Indian ground. The germinating earth has conceived and is now pregnant, so it might disturb her to drive upon her peaceful body at this moment. The Indians walk lightly upon her. There are two very young children, not older than six, rehearsing their dance. They are dressed in full ceremonial costumes of embroidered buckskin. They wear silver and turquoise ornaments. Their heads are crowned with eagle-feather crowns. The crowns flow down their backs in a handsome line. In each hand, also, they hold eagle feathers. They dance solemnly, almost as if hypnotized. They dance a little stiffly, they have not yet the magnificent rhythm of the accomplished dancers. Now a child has not held the eagle feather in the prescribed manner. The father, with a gesture of unconscious tenderness, puts his arm around the little one and corrects the error. From time to time one of the older men corrects an error of the dancing children, gently, gently. They dance many times, the little girl circling in her eagle-feather crown, her full buckskin skirt. There is something quiet and warm in the house, something very quiet and happy, at once quiet and excited.

We cross the open space over the bridge. We are going to Jim's house. He has been newly elected treasurer. From all directions comes the noise of drumming. Figures slide silently through the darkness. A sense of excitement comes from the incessant throbbing drums. The silent, reserved pueblo is gay tonight. In Jim's house, besides Jim, are two brothers and their wives and his aged father, who is a famous medicine man. We sit on rug-covered mattresses. A bright fire shines on the hearth. A little boy with shining eyes sits beside his mother. The men have wide faces the color of mahogany and wine. They are vital and alert.

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One of the women is very beautiful. Both women wear full calico dresses, confined with wide woven girdles, and high buckskin moccasins. Their hair is braided. Men and women wear ornaments of turquoise and silver.

Soon the door opens and the dancers appear. Young girls and youths file in. They are dressed in beautiful costumes, the ancient, elaborate chief's costume. With them come their musicians, the drum and singers. They dance solemnly and elaborately. Like the little children they take too great pains. This is an occasion of terrible importance to them. They are dancing a "very old dance" we are told. It is lovely in its solemn pattern. It is briefly over. The young people dance again. Before they go, the woman of the house pours an earthen bowl full of bread into a sack one of the singers carries. They receive in each house a gift of bread.

There is a knock at the door. There are men in masks, high boots, wide hats. "They make to dance like the Navajos." They are Navajo braves out on a spree. They sing and dance. Their music howls. It is marvelous burlesque. Our handful of spectators rocks. Tonight is a night of gaiety, for laughter, for children. Before our eyes passes the burlesque of other tribes. A Mexican tries to dance an Indian dance. How subtle a performance! The earnest Mexican thinks he dances wonderfully but he does everything just a little wrong. Everything is just a little oblique —like a mirror that is not true. He is never in time, yet he dances earnestly, painstakingly.

One gets a new vision of them, seeing them thus at play, seeing their sly jokes—a gay people behind the veil of the dignity with which they treat us. It is rare good fortune to have had this single glimpse behind the scenes.

There is a knock at the door. A single dancer, stained brick red and spotted with blue, naked but for a magnificent fox skin, dashes in. The dance is beautiful and complicated. It has the swiftness of arrows, the intensity of fire. It is punctuated with cries that pierce the heart with some ancient terror. "He is one of the best dancers. It is the old war dance," we are told. Three times come dancers who dance a war dance naked and spotted, the old unforgotten dance that Taos danced when Taos went to war. In this dance the intense burning core of a people shows itself, beautiful, pure, and terrible.

It is over. We go our way. Drums are still throbbing from all parts of the pueblo. We are tired. We have seen too much. The genius of a people has been played before our eyes. For a moment only Taos has opened the severely closed, the jealously guarded book of its culture for us to decipher—if we can.

"You may look at us," they have seemed to say, "at the calm acceptance of our women, at the vivid tranquillity of our youth, at the venerable wisdom of the aged, at the furious intensity of our anger. Look at the beauty of our ceremonial, the weaving of patterns of beauty. Listen to our laughter. Have you anything to give us? The preoccupation of man is the search of mystery and beauty, his gift above the animals is laughter. Can you add, then, to our culture? Then since you have nothing to add, nothing to give us, let us live. Let us alone. Let us cherish our own secret of life in our kivas. Do not try to pull us apart until we shall have become disintegrated and a people without a soul."

In the Driftway

THIS is the story of a dog named Judge. Judge was medium in size. As for color and texture, he was brown and curly. An ordinary dog, with ordinary gifts. Judge lived on the front porch of a rather large house in a Middle Western city. In front of the front porch was a large lawn; in front of the lawn, and running its entire length, was a white picket fence several feet high. In the fence was a gate at the place where a gate ought to be. And anyone could tell that here was a well-regulated establishment not only because the fence was kept painted but more particularly because the gate clicked shut, neatly and quickly, whenever anyone passed through. Judge was proud of his well-kept house and porch and lawn, but he derived his deepest satisfaction from the white fence with its admirable gate.

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TO the fence Judge owed both his health and his sense of superiority. Whenever an animal, human or otherwise, passed by, Judge with a growl sprang from his place on the porch, cleared the steps with one fine leap, and ran to the end of the fence from which the sound of footsteps came. And from the time the passer-by reached that end of the fence until he had passed beyond the other end, Judge, on his side of the fence, accompanied him, barking madly, defending his porch, his honor, and his lawn. When the intruder had departed, Judge, full of satisfaction and a pleasant fatigue, retired to his porch to sleep like a hero until the next invasion.

* * * * *

AND so the months and the days passed, and Judge grew full of years and self-confidence. So formidable was he that many women and a few men had been known to cross the street to escape his wrath. The fence was repainted every spring and the gate clicked comfortably shut. It was a day in June, much like any other day in June, when the blow fell. Judge had just had lunch. He had decided to have his second bone on the front porch where he might lie in comfort. There was a light breeze and the gentle sound of swaying branches filled him with exquisite drowsiness. He was almost asleep when he heard the padding of footsteps approaching his domain. Like a flash he leaped from the porch and rushed to the end of the yard. On the other side was a little white nondescript dog. Judge rushed at him and barked loudly through the pickets. The little dog was frightened and increased his speed. And now both of them, each on his side of the fence, were running at full speed, barking wildly. Then, suddenly, they reached the gate—and the gate was open! With one last bark that was almost a sob, Judge toppled over in a dead faint in the center of the place where the gate should have been. Judge's master, emerging from the house at that moment, carried the curly brown body inside. The other dog rushed on.

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EVENTUALLY Judge revived, and the gate was mended. But the Drifter does not care to dwell on the painful soul searchings, on the terrible doubts that must have assailed the heart of Judge thereafter when he heard the mocking click of the gate that had betrayed him.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Boycotting the Negro Barber

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Dabney's article regarding the Negro barber in the South was exceedingly timely. Apparently he is unaware of the fact that there is a move from Atlanta to New Orleans, wherever the white union barbers are concerned, to boycott the Negro shops. An officer in the Mobile barbers' union informed me recently that members of other unions are being requested by the white union barbers not to patronize the Negro hair-clipper. Perhaps this movement extends over a much larger territory than between these two large Southern cities.

There never has been a complaint made, as far as I know, against the skill of the Negro barber, the services he gives, his manner, or the sanitary conditions of his shop. When he operates a shop for white patrons, it is exclusively for white men and women. But—the Negro barber generally charges forty cents in place of the fifty cents asked in shops operated by white union shearers.

Can it be that before long Negro bootblacks, cooks, and nurses will be only memories?

Mobile, Ala., July 15 Merlin N. Hanson

A Big Order, Indeed

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: J. Eads How, a scion of the Eads family of St. Louis and known as the "millionaire hobo," died a few days ago. He named me as his executor and trustee. In his will, which I drew, he asks that the fortune he left be used to produce justice and a classless society throughout the world!

Now this seems to me a pretty big order and a real job, and I wonder if some of the *Nation* readers can give me some idea of how to produce justice and how to usher in a classless society throughout the world. I am interested and want to know.

Cincinnati, July 24 Nicholas Klein

The Legion Does Its Bit

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The American Legion post of this city has taken upon itself the duty of admonishing the board of education not to allow its subordinates to contaminate themselves with Soviet Russian doctrine. It recently adopted a resolution, introduced by E. S. Dobbin, a member of the city council, which runs as follows:

> *Resolved,* That Arthur L. Peterson Post No. 27 of the American Legion, Department of California, views with alarm the trip of Professor Horridge, head of the vocational-training department of Poly High School, to Soviet Russia this summer at the invitation of the Soviet government and returning to work in Long Beach this coming fall to continue his teaching, with the opportunity of instilling into the minds of his pupils principles of government as given him in Russia which are contrary to the fundamentals of the Constitution of the United States.

Dr. Frederick Horridge is director of vocational training of the Long Beach public schools, and not merely of the Polytechnic High School here. He left this city on June 15 for a trip to England, France, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, and Russia to study vocational-training systems. He is making the trip at his own expense. The trip to Russia is intended only as a small part of his program.

Other flag-waving organizations of the city promise to follow suit. Members at the meeting who belong to the United Spanish War Veterans and to the Sons of Union Veterans have asked for copies of the resolution to present to their organizations. These last, as well as others who will no doubt follow the leader, are small fry, but the American Legion here is a force that can scarcely be criticized with impunity.

Just what will come of it I cannot tell, but even though the school system here is of more than average virility, the American Legion has a reputation of being able to accomplish what it sets out to do.

Long Beach, Cal., July 16 Thomas W. Patterson

The Farmer and the Tariff

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What the farmers lack, even more than money or markets, is intelligence. Carl Berg, in your issue of July 23, justifies the latest bandits' tariff by saying that "the average farmer may buy only two sets of machinery during his lifetime, but may raise thirty crops."

The real truth of the matter is that the farmer pays tariff tribute every day of his life. He lives in a house made of protected lumber, uses tools made of protected steel, wears protected clothes, and eats protected food. In short, every time he buys anything he pays tribute. His invisible taxes, paid daily not to the government but to the tariff barons, are many times the taxes of which he complains.

Bradfordwoods, Pa., July 24 William Scott

A Kind Word from Afar

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I should like to indorse from this part of the world all that was said about your paper by Mr. Bernard Rickatson-Hatt in your issue of May 21.

The sane, fair, and illuminating writing about the things of first importance which *The Nation* brings to me every week here in Africa is a boon for which I feel I must express my gratitude. Yours is the best paper in America.

Chipinga, Southern Rhodesia, June 26 Peter Nielsen

Writings of Clarence Darrow

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For some time I have been at work on a biography of Clarence Darrow. The book will deal with all of Mr. Darrow's activities, but will dwell with special emphasis upon the man as a writer and philosopher. For this purpose I should like to see copies of small magazines like the old *Quill,* of Chicago, in which some of his essays first appeared. Copies of his book "Tales from the Courts" and his "Argument in the Wood-Workers' Conspiracy Case" would also be welcomed.

If any of your readers can supply me with these, or with originals of letters or any first-hand material bearing on Darrow's life and activities, I shall be greatly obliged to you and them. Anything sent me will be handled with scrupulous care and returned promptly. Communications should be addressed to me at Box 134, Sterling, Colorado.

Sterling, Colo., June 30 Allen Crandall

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Books

The Shadows

By BERT COOKSLEY

So has the olding heartplace come to be
A peaceful house where many shadows are,
Molested never, sleeping quietly,
Cloaking in dusts its patch- and weather-scar.

Shadows grown cool and gray with solitude,
Brothers to silence, friends to weariness;
From porch and room and roof they bar the rude,
The brazen and the loud, and their distress.

The heart has come to love its smoky veil,
The dim and musty comfort shadows bring.
As vague as midnight echoes and as frail.
Has grown to love the house where even Spring,

Scattering colors, tiptoes past the gate,
Too bright to enter and too wise to wait.

Heredity or Environment?

The Biological Basis of Human Nature. By H. S. Jennings. W. W. Norton and Company. $4.

NO problem could ultimately be more important in its bearing on the future of mankind than that of the relative roles of heredity and environment, yet its discussion is honeycombed with ignorance, fallacies, and prejudices. Usually we are asked to take our place in one of two camps. We can enlist with the Wiggams, who believe that heredity is everything and environment negligible, or with the Watsons, who stake everything on environment and hold that there are no innate intellectual or emotional differences between one "normal" child and another. Well-heeled conservatives, who like to believe that their position in the world is the result of innate superiority, naturally tend to become hereditarians, or Wiggams. Ardent reformers, on the other hand, believe almost constitutionally that all inferiority is the result of oppression, bad nourishment, or bad training of some kind, and that social regeneration is immediately possible. The Wiggams put their entire dependence on eugenics, the Watsons on education. The problem is thus, as it were, thrown into politics, and becomes the mere football of controversy and rhetoric.

It is from this atmosphere that Professor Jennings, director of the zoological laboratory at Johns Hopkins University, seeks to rescue it. What he finds, broadly speaking, is that both hereditarians and environmentalists are right in what they assert, wrong in what they deny. But the problem is far more involved than the usual discussions indicate. There are first the complications introduced by the fact that human beings are biparental. Heredity, for example, does not mean what it is commonly taken to mean; it does not mean that "like produces like." This is roughly true when speaking of statistical averages: inferior parents will tend to produce inferior offspring, superior parents superior offspring, etc., but there is little assurance regarding what sort of person a particular child will turn out to be. Inferior parents may have a superior child, superior parents a mediocre or inferior child, and so on. Every human being is the product of thousands of pairs of genes, one member of each pair from his father, one from his mother. Each pair plays its part in his final development. Each individual, therefore (unless he is one of a pair of identical twins), begins with an innate constitution that is unique. In turn he gives one gene from each pair of his own genes to his children. In his own constitution may be a defective gene which by itself would produce feeble-mindedness, while the other member of that pair may be a normal gene. As feeble-mindedness is a "recessive" characteristic, the individual will then be himself normal (the good gene doing the work for the defective one), yet he will still be a "carrier" of feeble-mindedness.

It is thus our biparentalism that enormously complicates the problems of eugenics. For it has been calculated that for every actually feeble-minded individual (i. e., one carrying a *pair* of the defective genes) there are thirty normal individuals carrying one of the defective genes. Only about 11 per cent of the feeble-minded in any generation come from the mating of the feeble-minded of the previous generation; the other 89 per cent come from matings among the carrier group. This means that even if we could prevent every present feeble-minded person from mating, we could get rid of only about 11 per cent of the feeble-minded of the next generation; thereafter there would be very little progress in reducing the number of feeble-minded from one generation to the next.

In the face of this Professor Jennings does not believe we can depend very much on eugenics to solve our immediate problems. He does, however, give the eugenic program a certain qualified support. "Even though it may get rid of but a small proportion of the defective genes, every case saved is a gain, is worth while in itself." The two great problems that confront us here are, first, the technical one of learning how to detect the carriers of defective genes as well as the persons actually revealing defects, and, second, the broader social problem of deciding how far and in what directions it is desirable to attempt to carry the eugenic program. Professor Jennings believes no serious question can be raised about the desirability of eliminating insanity and feeble-mindedness. When we come to physical defects, however, we face a real dilemma. In almost any individual we find undesirable qualities bound up with desirable qualities; and we cannot prevent one without preventing the other. Serious physical defects may be accompanied by high intellectual powers, as in consumptives like Stevenson, De Morgan, and Chopin. Professor Jennings admits that "prevention of the production of all gene combinations bearing even seriously defective genes would beyond question result in the loss of certain men of great value to the world." But he holds that "the value of the eugenic aim can be estimated only from its total results, taken in the long run, as compared with the total results of some other line of action."

When Professor Jennings turns to the question of the relative importance of heredity (or genes) and environment he can give no sweeping answer; he believes, indeed, that the question in this general form is almost meaningless. He regards it as at bottom a statistical question, to be answered only by detailed study of particular cases. "It is as clear biologically that environment affects behavior as that constitution does; and biology furnishes no automatic method of determining the relative role of each." Discussion of the problem has been infested with fallacies, half-fallacies, and quarter-fallacies for which Professor Jennings holds the biologists themselves in no small part responsible. The most common fallacy is the assumption "that if a characteristic is affected by the environment it cannot be hereditary; that if it is hereditary, it cannot be influenced by the environment; in other words, that characteristics fall into two mutually exclusive groups in

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respect to these matters." This is patently not true. There are already known to be a great number of characteristics that are inherited in typical Mendelian or sex-linked fashion, yet are readily modifiable or improvable by environmental changes. Though a hereditary or genetic basis may exist for a defect or disease, for example, that defect or disease need not actually come into existence. On the negative side, again, environment may produce the most radical influences. Disease may reduce vigor and render accomplishment impossible, bringing the ablest person to the level of the lowest. Far from believing that existing social inequalities are the result of hereditary differences, Professor Jennings is convinced that not until many of these inequalities are eliminated will we truly know heredity's part:

> As a preliminary to the effective work of eugenics other reforms must be carried out, overwork and bad conditions of living done away with, faults of diet, both quantitative and qualitative, corrected; economic ills conquered, grinding poverty abolished. When these things are done, when the human plant is given conditions under which it can unfold its capabilities without stunting, poisoning, and mutilation by the environment, then it will be possible to discover what ills are due primarily to defective genes, and to plan such measures as are possible for their eradication.

That such sweeping social changes are eventually possible even with our present defective innate make-up should be sufficiently indicated by the fact that all great cultural changes, the diversities between the civilization of today and the ancestral barbarism of ten thousand years ago, are, so far as can be judged, the result of changing environment and not of changing genetic constitution.

The present book is the ablest presentation of the great problem of heredity and environment that I have yet encountered. In addition to the fascinating information it contains, and to the intrinsic interest of its subject matter, there is the constant joy of watching an admirable mind at work. Here is a genuine embodiment of the scientific attitude—patient experiment guided by acute reasoning, extreme caution in drawing inferences. Professor Jennings is continually warning against facile generalization: "To generalize will be recognized as the most laborious task in biology, instead of the lightest and simplest."

The one fault I can venture to find with the book is a certain repetitiousness; it insists on some of its points too often and at too great length. But Professor Jennings (whose initials, H. S., one learns from "Who's Who," stand for Herbert Spencer) may have in mind his famous namesake's conviction that "only by varied iteration can alien conceptions be forced on reluctant minds." HENRY HAZLITT

Labor and Religion

Labor Speaks for Itself. A Symposium by Labor Leaders Throughout the World. Edited by Jerome Davis. The Macmillan Company. $2.

IN this book labor leaders ranging from Arthur Henderson to Nicolai Lenin, from William Green to that remarkable Japanese Toyohiko Kagawa say what they think about religion. For the most part they say it interestingly. The first thing that stands out in the symposium is that labor through its leaders says no one thing about religion or even about the church. You have James H. Maurer's whole-souled rebuke of the hypocrisy of the church and Thomas McMahon's dutiful expressions of loyalty to it, the respectful official A. F. of L. statement of friendly relations to the church and the religious atheism of an I. W. W. leader. In general, the writers speak respectfully of Jesus and of Christian ethics. In general, they speak suspiciously of the church. A good many American labor leaders, perhaps subconsciously, recognize that A. F. of L. orthodoxy of creed and practice today is in no position to throw stones at church orthodoxy. And therefore, to their credit be it said, they throw no stones.

The interested reader is likely to draw his own conclusions from these articles. They are valuable as a cross-section of opinion about religion and labor rather than as an adequate philosophy of religion and labor. At least it seems clear that the forces of labor will not and should not be united on any dogmatic opinion about religion. The one thing that labor cannot afford to tolerate is clericalism, whether the clericalism is Catholic or Protestant. NORMAN THOMAS

Western Stuff

The Open Range and Bunk House Philosophy. By Oscar Rush. Privately printed. $1.

The Last Frontier. By Zack T. Sutley. The Macmillan Company. $3.

The Last Rustler. By Lee Sage. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

Six Horses. By Captain William Banning and George Hugh Banning. The Century Company. $4.

HERE, along with a work on stage driving in the West, are three books of rangemen's reminiscences. Next to actors and literary men, pioneers of the West have surely become the most prolific class of autobiographers in America. From that fact one might discourse on the dominance of realism in genuine romance. It is certainly significant of something.

Of the three autobiographers Mr. Oscar Rush, author of "The Open Range and Bunk House Philosophy," alone has perspective and alone conveys an impression of the dewy freshness that was upon the range when antelope played there unmolested by man. Yet his book is a slight thing, paper-backed and privately printed. In it one may see how nature blended with a fair amount of reading forms a point of view that is individual without being arrogant and that plays with serenity and freshness upon airplanes and women as well as upon cowmen and coyotes.

When Zack T. Sutley wrote "The Last Frontier" he was a tired old man. He had roamed far and met all the notabilities of the old West—Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, Charlie Goodnight, Buffalo Bill, Jesse James, Wild Bill, Calamity Jane, Liver-Eating Johnson. But there is no evidence of "a devouring eye and a portraying hand" that might have illumined these personalities. Consequently the book is generally dull.

There has long been a place for the revelation of the character of a horse thief. Perhaps "The Last Rustler" is as good a record of its kind as will be offered, though a good deal of the geography is, either intentionally or blunderingly, so confused that certain "rustling" experiences fail to convince. But the self-questioning of the man, his relation to his father, and his code of ethics reveal psychology in a way that very few unsophisticated writers achieve. The style is nervous and there is something epic about the sweep of hostile land and hostile men that the rider, generally alone, rides athwart.

Root and Connelley's "Overland Stage to California" has long been recognized as the fullest depiction of stage-coach days available. For years, however, the book has been out of print. Moreover, it made no pretense of treating the economic and political aspects of the overland stage routes. "Six Horses," by Captain William Banning and his nephew, George H. Banning, is a rarely happy blend. Captain Banning was a stage driver; the other Banning is an effective writer and a thorough

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student. While Captain Banning's personal experiences seldom enter the book he is beside the writer all the while to prompt him on the technique of the Yuba Bill tribe.

Some of the most revealing parts of the book show how and why Jefferson Davis, while Secretary of War, selected the impracticable southern route through Texas for the United States government to subsidize and then how the spectacular "pony express"—just as uneconomic—was set up as an advertising agent for the central route. There are vivid pictures of how people slept, ate, and quarreled in stage coaches. The careful history of the Concord coach was something well worth doing. "Six Horses" is a book that will have a permanent demand. As such books should be, it is indexed and it is well illustrated.

J. Frank Dobie

Strindberg

August Strindberg. By V. J. McGill. Brentano's. $4.

CAREFULLY analyzed, the moods of Northern literature may be said to possess a definite range. Its glamor is the flickering light of sentiment which can attach to definite symbols of the hearth and home, of spring wooing and summer mating, and of all growth from the soil a quality that is singularly ecstatic contrasted with its darker tones. The tenderness of this mood is rapt, like an exquisite contemplation of sunset. It is felt in the music of Grieg and in the little tales of Selma Lagerlöf. And since the lyric persuasion in all art is rather a release from heaviness than a definite phase in itself, we can watch its mutations like the brief smile of the April sun between storms.

It is not from an abundant joy in life that writers of the North seek to express themselves, but rather from a yearning toward that joy, which, in a dour land, might seem the simple prerogative of a brighter, more permanent sun. The aspiring mood is consequently both deep and simple; one can best behold the white majesty of the pinnacles from the deep shadow of the valleys; what one touches, seeks, or finds is never perfect; rather perfection lies in the unattainable, and in a vision of things beyond life which is in itself almost a madness.

It was not for nothing that Nietzsche could write to the author of "The Father": "I read your tragedy over twice with deep emotion; it has astonished me beyond all measure to come to a work in which my own conception of love—with war as its means and the deathly hate of the sexes as its fundamental law—is expressed in such a splendid fashion." In all that he loved, hated, and wrote, in all his towering melancholias, his fitful flashes of white sentiment, Strindberg was a product of the North. And as much as with any writer who ever lived, the shadow of his life lies across the pages of over two score plays and half that number of biographical and fictional writings which have become, for the time at least, a part of the world's literary heritage.

Whether he was a tragic figure or not depends on how one regards these things. Dr. McGill, willing to worship his hero, believes that he was. Certainly the furies that drove him were lodged within, but his life was a constant strife with petty things and with a world not altogether to blame for the fact that he was maladjusted to it. The outbursts of scorn, hatred, and disgust that he aroused during his lifetime were as much the result of his delusions of grandeur as they were of the nature of his literary undertakings. His sanity at least survived the effects of four miserable marriages, but his uneasy suspicion and hatred of women were pathological. He left behind him, he believed, in his plays, criticism, and pamphlets, an indictment of the human race. What he really left was the story of his own complicated and furious miseries.

He brought fire and passion to his work where his younger contemporary, Ibsen, brought acumen and a cold appreciation of human motives. Yet Ibsen is played today where Strindberg is almost unknown. His appeal is almost strictly to "those who can stand him" in the sense of sharing his morbid conviction of disaster, for where Ibsen raised an argument he hurled a thunderbolt, and like the figure of legend he was destroyed by what he touched.

Dr. McGill, in his comprehensive and searching biography, has adhered to the best possible method of interpreting the man through his own singularly lucid testaments. In "The Son of a Servant" and "The Confessions of a Fool," Strindberg believed that he had laid himself bare. Whether or not he sought justification in these confessions, the whole of his own life's disasters may be picked from the arguments of his plays. And apart from an almost childish faith in the soundness of the Freudian methods and phraseology, Dr. McGill has piloted his "bedeviled Viking" with considerable skill and conviction.

The greatest mystery of his furious revolts and impassioned denunciations may seem to be that there was no mystery at all. He was to a far greater degree than any other great writer an expression of the North and its violent contrasts. His fury at life was comprehensible and forgivable. But the question of the value of his work is perhaps more of an enigma, and on this Dr. McGill has little light to shed. He was, if we take the contrasts between his tragedies and his dream plays, a very versatile artist. But his preoccupation with a vastly wounded ego led him to miss a whole range in the possibilities of human color and contact. He escaped the fate of two of his contemporaries, Nietzsche and de Maupassant. But his appeal is less than theirs possibly because his bitterness was greater.

Eugene Löhrke

Portrait of an Intellectual

The Confessions of Zeno. By Italo Svevo. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

IN Zeno, delightful madman and incomparable sage, we have a notable addition to the great characters of literature. Only he is intensely modern, he is fatally of the twentieth century. To shape his nature the late Italo Svevo lavished upon him all of the contemporary maladies, caricaturing thereby the intellectual man of our times and primarily the European intellectual.

For every man of action, for every man of steel or breaker of airplane records this century produces apparently its little man of nerves whose inward life blots out the whole horizon. Our more brilliant writers—Marcel Proust, André Gide, Thomas Mann, Paul Valéry—have preferred to paint the man of nerves, and under various colors are creating his interesting record upon earth.

For Zeno too, despite many experiences of pity and terror, the cerebral life is paramount. He is the happy neurotic whose adventures have been given a form and direction by the gospels of Freud, so that he may listen to every splash or vibration of his subconscious mind. He is lazy and enthusiastic, introspective and gentle, fanciful and clairvoyant; he is a great hypochondriac, a great philosopher, and above all a great clown. His "Confessions" are the relation of his whole interior or secret life to a psychoanalyst who has promised to cure him of various ailments we are never permitted to forget. Thus the progress of Zeno—whose mind is as naked as if exposed under glass—in the direction of health, release, or merely in an enchanted passage through this "vale of tears" becomes a matter of the highest comedy. Looking back for many years I can recall no work of such ironic intelligence and bubbling humor as this novel of an Italian philosopher's conscience.

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In youth Zeno's first violent struggles with himself were devoted to conquering the habit of nicotine. Soon all the walls of his study were tapestried with innumerable dates, large or small, printed or scrawled, all commemorating "my last cigarette." Zeno loved his father and tried hard to aid him in his last hour. But the old man, who had always returned his son's affection, struck him a blow in the face and made a grimace as he died. This dire incident was never to be forgotten, and of course provided much food for the psychoanalyst. Oedipus complex! He became, at any rate, a man of means, mildly engaged in the inherited business but chiefly occupied with his violin and with long, delicious reveries.

Zeno, in time, fell seriously in love with a beautiful young lady, who was like him a native of Trieste. Her name was Ada, and she had two sisters whose names also began with A. Rejected by Ada, Zeno proposed at once to Alberta, who also rejected him. Finally he related his defeats to Augusta, plainest of the three, and she consented to accept his hand. The whole chapter, called The Story of My Marriage, is a superb travesty on romantic love. Nevertheless, our friend Zeno is happily married.

Like his illustrious namesake of ancient Greece, Zeno has little faith in movement or a life of action, and so he remains the passive partner in the business of his father, free to indulge his taste for siestas, fruitful meditations, and amorous experiment. With so much leisure on his hands he soon acquires a handsome and quite charming mistress. Here is another great struggle with his subconscious. He lusts for his mistress but adores his plain wife. He justifies himself to the first by vowing that he cannot love his wife; he appeases his wife by showering her and his children with the most genuine affection. His days thus become a tissue of lies which he analyzes pitilessly. Oscillating between home and "love-nest" is the occasion for the most ingenious moral problems and for absorbing introspection. Other complexities and digressions, like an accompanying music, are provided by the secretly enduring first love for Ada, causing a "complex" of jealousy for her husband, who is his friend and business partner. All such "complexes," occurring in the orthodox Freudian fashion, Zeno analyzes away; and this keeps him delightfully busied through most of his potent life.

For all his naivete or flights of *galimatias* Zeno comes to be respected by those who surround him. From certain aspects he even appears heroic. There is an hour when he leaves his premature retirement and, reentering business, stands in the breach to save the family fortunes. Animated and incredible epoch, charged with all the cross-currents of jealousy, inferiority, or mother complex! Toward the end of his long, serene life Zeno has reached a phase of self-knowledge and wisdom which undeceives him about psychoanalysis. *"What! I wished to run off with my father's wife!"* Psychoanalysis has failed for two reasons: it has not cured the pains in his limbs or in the back of his head which come every time that he tells a lie; it has based itself completely on the false dreams and lies he has narrated to his confessor. In the dark hour of war which falls upon his country in 1915 he has found his health; he feels himself happy and strong among so many lunatic martyrs—since he is beyond the age of military service.

Visions and prophecies surge up for Zeno:

> That melancholy and industrious animal—man—may discover new forces and harness them to his chariot. Some such danger is in the air. The result will be a great abundance—of human beings! Every square yard will be occupied by a man. Who will be able then to cure us of the lack of air and space? The mere thought of it suffocates me. . . . We need something more than psychoanalysis to help us. . . . Perhaps some incredible disaster produced by machines will lead us back to health.

Under the pretext of providing a subject for psychoanalysis "The Confessions of Zeno" differs widely in its procedure from the great rout of novels. There is no "stark realism," no tale of "human-love-and-emotions-that-wrings-the-heart" and holds one in the hammock. The life that fills these puppet-like figures and makes them dance so grotesquely before us is the wisdom and richness of Svevo's mind. His mind approaches his material at a continually surprising tangent. This gives one pause—at a time when the novel as form appears to be in its decline, after the great nineteenth century. Could the novel be revived by becoming even more candidly the personal vehicle of mature and distinctive minds?

Italo Svevo (whose real name was Ettore Schmitz, 1861-1928) was not a professional man of letters. His early writings were unsuccessful. He became silent for a long period of years, like Paul Valéry, while prospering in his career as a merchant of Trieste. There James Joyce met him in 1912 and encouraged him to return to writing. Svevo was by now a man of wide interests and worldly experience; he had a truly mature, philosophical spirit. "The Confessions of Zeno," written during the World War, has beyond its other various beauties the pathos of a last word to life. MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Educating—for What?

The American Road to Culture. By George S. Counts. John Day Company. $2.50.

DR. COUNTS has rendered a real service by giving us this brief picture of the state of education in the United States. He maintains that the following ten basic principles imbedded in the faith and practice of the American people are controlling our educational machine: faith in education itself, governmental responsibility, local initiative, individual success, democracy, national solidarity, social conformity, mechanical efficiency, practical utility, and philosophic uncertainty. A chapter is devoted to each one. Dr. Counts feels this opens the way to an understanding of the actual theory that motivates our education. The treatment is stimulating and provocative and the exposition is clear. To anyone vitally interested, it is far too brief. For instance, some basic characteristic of our social order is stated and its relation to education implied, but no detailed analysis is given nor, except in a few instances, are concrete instances cited to demonstrate the general principle. The book thus suffers from one great fault of American education: it fails to furnish adequate illustrative material and is too general.

In spite of its brevity, the concluding chapter, in which the author asserts the absence of social planning, the bankruptcy of our two political parties, the indoctrination now going on in our schools, the absence of academic freedom, and the absence of any philosophy on the part of our school leaders to give positive guidance to our changing social order, is excellent. Would that it might be read by every teacher in America.

The great weakness in the volume is that nowhere does Dr. Counts clearly show the effect of the dominant business ethic on educational practice. To be sure, he hints at the relationship in many places. For instance, he says that the administrative machinery is patterned after business organization and that it is under control of business leaders, but he does not clearly show the interplay of the social forces and the unconscious subservience of education to our business cult.

It is to be doubted whether the ten principles enunciated necessarily cover the ground. Faith in private property is a cornerstone of our entire economic and political structure and is widely reflected in our educational process. Self-interest is also one of the basic principles of our economic life.

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Our dominant philosophy is that business must be run for private and personal profit. The individual is out to make as much as he can for himself and his family. What repercussions the private-property concept has had on the educational structure is not adequately stated, if at all. The teacher who questions current property standards jeopardizes his position. Almost never do our high schools give a fair treatment to alternatives to our economic order, such as communism, socialism, workers' control, or the cooperative movement.

This volume is far in advance of most of the theoretical educational treatises that have appeared in recent years. It is one of the best brief social interpretations now available of education in the United States. Dr. Counts does not attempt to suggest how the educational process can be changed to make it more effective. At one point he does say that numerous organized groups are influencing education today and that rather than deny the validity of such forces we should provide channels through which they might find expression. Just what are these groups? How can they be given increased power of control without forcing our education into the mold of things as they are and still further buttressing private property and materialism? We hope that this book may be but the introduction to a second volume by Dr. Counts in which he carries through his analysis with penetrating and constructive suggestions.

JEROME DAVIS

The Great Liberator

Bolívar, the Passionate Warrior. By T. R. Ybarra. Ives Washburn. $4.

THIS biography depicts one of the greatest figures of Hispanic-American history. It was composed by a fellow-countryman and is naturally sympathetic. It presents a picturesque and glowing account of Simón Bolívar's life, with emphasis on his fascinating personality, political notions, and military achievements. Indeed, to Señor Ybarra the figure of the liberator seems so colossal that this conception occasionally induces faults of perspective. Among minor characters of the story the white-haired General Miranda, the precursor of Spanish-American independence, is most inaccurately portrayed. It would be hard to find among the misleading sketches of Miranda that have found their way into print a worse farrago of fact and fiction than that which is furnished in Señor Ybarra's book. Ybarra mistakenly enrols Miranda as a soldier under Rochambeau in the American Revolution, declares with unseemly chuckles that Miranda's success with the Russian Messalina, Catherine II, "to this day brings malicious satisfaction to Venezuelans," and erroneously asserts that the aged promoter of Spanish-American liberty and the youthful firebrand Bolívar returned to their native land together. The best part of the book describes Bolívar's strenuous campaigns which culminated in the victories over the Spaniards at Boyacá and Carabobo that insured the liberation of modern Colombia and Venezuela—the regions that were temporarily welded into a state that became known as "Great Colombia." The account of Bolívar's dramatic and mysterious interview with General San Martín at Guayaquil does scant justice to the Argentine hero of the emancipatory movement. An appreciative description is, however, given of the military achievements of General Sucre, the chief lieutenant of Bolívar, who decisively defeated the royalists at Ayacucho—Spain's Armageddon on the American continent. In the suggestive narrative of Bolívar's last years hints are given of his liaison with a mistress called Manuela Saenz or Mrs. Thorne, who was the wife of an Englishman.

Apparently no considerable use has been made of the large mass of inedited manuscripts that have never been properly utilized by any biographer of the great liberator. Yet Ybarra often adds piquancy to his story by quotations from printed sources. The book contains a dozen illustrations, some of them poorly executed; the most interesting is a portrait of Bolívar which was presumably painted by an American artist shortly after the battle of Carabobo but which was perhaps merely copied from another picture. A little more than a page is occupied by a faulty list of books used by the biographer which is not at all commensurate with the genuine importance of his theme. The volume lacks an index. Because of its movement, sympathy, and local color this biography appeals to the general reader, while mistakes due to hero worship and imperfect knowledge of the field render it less attractive to students of Hispanic-American history.

WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON

The Fires Die Down

The Story of the Red Man. By Flora Warren Seymour. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

UNDER an ambitious title Miss Seymour undertakes to give an account of post-Columbian native North America. Even thus limited it is an intricate task for which the author appears to have been inadequately equipped. She is sympathetic, but she lacks the training in historical and anthropological research that might perhaps have insured a really fresh, comprehensive, and sound book instead of merely a chatty one. Hence, although begun brightly enough, the story of the red man becomes ultimately a monotonous and confusing serial of Indian wars and government policies. It moves geographically from northwest to southwest down the continent and coincidentally with North American conquest. The line of march might have been a lucid guide through the different native cultures to be found in North America—an indispensable description if light is to be cast upon the red man's reactions and attitude toward the whites.

Miss Seymour's book has an air of intimacy with Indians, of a story told from the inside, as it were, which is not justified to an ethnologist or to any student of North America who is aware of the significant, fascinating, and even fundamental variations between one Indian group and another. For a story of red men, Miss Seymour mistakenly emphasizes much more the influence of the difference between British and American, and colonial American at that, than the difference between Iroquois and Pueblo, which is far greater. Yet occasionally she penetrates beyond the picturesque exploits of heroes, red and white, to the essential phenomena of conquest and change.

> Perhaps most of all he [the Indian] resented his own growing dependence upon the white man. But this sharing of the country had become a necessity. The red man wanted the gun and the knife, the cloth and the beads, the flour and sugar and whiskey. He wanted fiercely, indeed, his old independence and untrammeled range, but he by no means wished to go back to the Stone Age as the price of the ancient freedom.

Miss Seymour might have gone on to tell, as vividly as she relates careers, of the remarkable change of the Navajos from a hunting to a pastoral people because of the white man's sheep, and of how this change affected their way of living, their behavior, their very kinships; of how, too, the plains tribes shifted and changed even before they saw the whites, and altered many of their ways because of the horse; and of the new religions that have grown up among many North American groups not directly under the influence of missionaries, but as an aboriginal product assimilating the seepage of the white man's beliefs.

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These are things as interesting to the average reader, very often, as a hero, particularly if there are so many heroes that no one of them sticks in the memory; and as valuable, if not more so, to the students of government policies toward the Indian. Miss Seymour touches upon them casually, fragmentarily, as if unaware of their importance. She employs them a little ornamentally, indeed. Her entire style is casual, and if at first this is pleasing, the same tone and the same angle of focus through 400 pages leave the impression that the book is superficial.

In the last two chapters the author destroys much of the reader's interest and good faith by a too amiable apologia of official government boons granted the Indian. One feels vaguely a propaganda for a policy which, incidentally, is now no longer official and is at all events controversial. Miss Seymour paints a pretty picture of the red man at school, learning English, and of the red man at home, Americanized by having adopted some hygienic practices. She ends with a school children's memorial ceremony to the Indian's past.

ANITA BRENNER

Society and Socialism

Life's Ebb and Flow. By Frances, Countess of Warwick. William Morrow and Company. $5.

THIS entertaining account of "myself," beginning with the time when "myself" was tutored by "darling Miss Blake, who adored King Edward," continuing with glowing description of later social triumphs, and ending with "passionate sympathy for the under-dog," has more reason for being than some of the recent reminiscences of titled ladies. The Countess of Warwick, now a great-grandmother, has been not only a famous beauty and brilliant society leader but also a woman of advanced modern ideas who has commanded the friendship of men like Cecil Rhodes and W. F. Stead as well as of statesmen, crowned heads, artists, authors, and actors. She has devoted the latter part of her life to the social betterment of England.

As a girl she inherited a large fortune and Easton Lodge, the family estate, from her grandfather, Viscount Maynard, which made some of the expectant male heirs so angry that they "threw pats of butter at the Viscount's picture, when the will was read." She married Lord Brooke, eldest son of the Earl of Warwick, at the age of eighteen. Several chapters are filled with descriptions of her clothes, beauty, social successes, and lovers, told with a naive egotism that may perhaps be forgiven in a great-grandmother. She quotes the following about herself:

> Lady Brooke made a great sensation at the second drawing-room of the season. Even those who did not know her were talking of the "lovely lady with the splendid purple-grape-trimmed robes," her pale proud face surmounted by a low coronet of diamonds and a veil of pearls on white falling from the feathers in her hair. She carried the loveliest orchids, apple green, white, and mauve, with purple tips to match her frock.

The many personal letters which are included give amusing sidelights on "high" society.

After a great ball at Warwick Castle Robert Blatchford, the editor of the *Clarion,* a Socialist paper in London, in a personal interview convinced her of the folly and uselessness of extravagant entertaining combined with patronizing benevolence. She realized that mere personal effort to help the poor was futile and that bigger and more fundamental means were necessary. "To ally myself with political socialism seemed the only practical step to take."

She has learned to detest war and deplores the "horrid

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cruelty of hunting wild animals." She has been a lover of horses and an expert horsewoman. She established a sanctuary at Easton Lodge for wild birds and animals in memory of W. H. Hudson. Her socialistic enterprises have evidently depleted her income; Warwick Castle is now let to Americans and she offered Easton Lodge to the Labor Party for a Labor college, but the offer was declined because of the cost of upkeep. Her long friendship for Edward VII, whom she greatly admired, is well known. "He was a thwarted man for many years, a practical mind bored by inaction."

The charm of the book lies in the vivacity and human sympathy with which Lady Warwick describes her many and varied experiences and her keen zest for living. Her socialism has been criticized and laughed at by friends and foes, but conditions in England are better as a result of her efforts to improve education, poor-houses, and living conditions among the poor. That the aristocracy of England can no longer devote itself to balls and fox-hunting regardless of the poverty and sufferings of the proletariat is made quite plain in this diverting but earnest narrative. LUCY HUMPHREY SMITH

Books in Brief

Sinners in Summertime. By Sigurd Hoel. Translated from the Norwegian by Elizabeth Sprigge and Claude Napier. Coward-McCann. $1.50.

This story of a group of the younger generation of Norwegian intellectuals is vague, monotonous, and shallow. But it contains some amusing things. It is intended to be a light tale of heavy emotions, but too often it is the tale which tends to grow heavy while the emotions grow silly. Somehow one feels that the Norse don't do this sort of thing very well. Still, Floyd Dell recommends the book with enthusiasm. The story is about a group of very young men and women who go to spend a summer on an island. They know that love affairs will follow. Some have already begun. But they believe that among intelligent and uninhibited young people there need be no occasion for the more violent and unreasonable passions, no jealousy, no suicides, no duels, no heartbreak. It turns out, of course, that they are all too human after all.

Long Hunt. By James Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

James Boyd, in his historical novels, is not concerned with great figures or events or with any scholarly thesis. He lays his stories in the backwash or on the outskirts of a historical period, where he recreates realistic towns and homely, truthful characters. His latest book deals with the early years of the last century, and is laid chiefly in Tennessee. Its characters are hunters, traders, and Indians, and newcomers among the rapidly increasing hordes of settlers from the East. Mr. Boyd has drawn some extraordinarily fine pictures of pioneer life, and both the pictures and the speech seem true. As a novel this is a carefully worked-out study of a simple and valiant man in relation to an emotional upset against which he has no weapons.

The Unknown Washington. By John Corbin. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.

The title of this book is catchy but misleading. Its subject is not biographical but constitutional. The volume is taken up with an analysis and history of the Constitution of the United States, in the course of which an attempt is made to show that the influence of Washington in the formation of it was far greater than has hitherto been thought—indeed, almost paramount. In order to prove that he is right, the author lays about him with considerable asperity to prove that everyone else has been wrong. There is scarcely a historian of any sort or

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(Jan.-June, 1930)

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period who does not find the author's tongue stuck out at him—Henry Adams, Bushnell Hart, Edward Channing, McMaster, Woodrow Wilson, James Truslow Adams, Claude Bowers, J. S. Bassett, Charles Warren, John Fiske, Charles Beard, Vernon Parrington, Walter Bagehot, indeed, everyone who has not seen the light as it has appeared to Mr. Corbin when writing his first historical work. One is tempted to repeat the old admonition: "I beseech thee, by the bowels of Christ, to bethink thee that thou mayest be wrong!" The book, however, though much too diffuse and written with journalistic cocksureness, is interesting and suggestive. The main thesis as indicated by the title and the only really novel part of the text is not proved, and the Q. E. D. is unconvincing. Moreover, it would be much easier to appraise had it not been imbedded in such a mass of general discussion, in which Washington often disappears almost entirely for whole chapters at a time. Mr. Corbin is engaged in two fights—one for his view of the genesis and nature of the Constitution as a whole, and another for his view of Washington as prime thinker. In both he has given expression to points of view that are worth consideration, even if we cannot all be expected to salaam and accept Mr. Corbin as the annunciator of the one final and irrefragable truth. The book is worth a careful reading, and the author's attitude a careful revising.

New Musical Resources. By Henry Cowell. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Some of the principles set forth here have been exemplified by Mr. Cowell with his own compositions on the concert stage for more than a decade. In fact, the first draft of this book was written in 1919, and in the interim other composers have already made use of means, such as dissonant counterpoint, which Mr. Cowell had foreseen as a logical development. The new musical resources that he discusses are all based on the series of overtones. He shows how harmony has grown historically by the successive adoption of overtones, and points out that the future development of music will inevitably proceed still farther along this series. His analysis of rhythm is subtle, and he makes many pregnant suggestions for the use of chords of rhythm and rhythmic counterpoint. The last section of the book explains the tone clusters which are a characteristic of his own music.

America Challenged. By Lewis F. Carr. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

Here is the farm problem put up to the man in Wall Street with the aid of sundry illustrated charts and tables borrowed from the National Industrial Conference Board. Mr. Carr is primarily concerned with "the American family farm . . . the cradle of much that is best in American life." He wants a remedy that will prevent this small unit from disintegrating; he does not want to see farming turned into a capitalistic business. The first part of the book is devoted to proving, by means of an indiscriminate use of the simple arithmetic average, that family farming does not pay. In Conjecture he discusses farm relief. The McNary-Haugen plan is advocated for the staple crops which have an export market, cooperation for dairying and truck gardening, and cooperation plus a method of controlling and disposing of surpluses for potatoes and tobacco. The gist of the program is to raise the prices of farm products in order to cover the farmer's swollen costs. Since industry is protected, it is only fair to protect agriculture also, runs the argument. To bring the two to the same level by reducing or removing tariffs on manufactured goods is not considered at all, for Mr. Carr is writing for the American business man, who surely has no logical reason for refusing to extend a corner of his magic cloak, protection, to his poor relations back on the farm.

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The Terror in Western Samoa

THE following article, which we reprint from the English *New Leader* of July 4, contains serious charges against the New Zealand administration of Western Samoa under a mandate from the League of Nations. The article, which was written by John Paton, is accompanied by the following editorial note concerning the source of information: "We are indebted for the facts on which this article is based to A. W. Page, M.A., of New Zealand, an official of the War Resisters' International."

The record of tyranny, persecution, and callous brutality, culminating in the cold-blooded shooting last December of native chiefs, which stains the New Zealand administration of Western Samoa, is as vile as anything known in the history of modern imperialism. Here is a civilized and cultured population of about 40,000 souls, of fine physical and mental development (and of which, it is stated, less than 1 per cent is illiterate), living in a country readers of R. L. Stevenson know to be an earthly paradise, being hunted and harried like wild beasts by their New Zealand rulers.

The real source of the trouble appears to lie in the fact that the New Zealand administration has been attempting to force on the Samoans ideas of Western "civilization," particularly with regard to the necessity for regular habits of work. An early administrator of Polynesia, Sir John Thurston, has stated: "No Polynesian will ever work according to our ideas of work. He does not consider it the most important thing in life." But the government of New Zealand, in its extreme solicitude for the progress of the Samoans, has decreed that they shall be compelled to work even at the muzzle of the gun! Native traditions, customs, and rights must be trampled underfoot in order to secure for the Samoan the privilege of his white brother—to sweat as a wage slave for his white masters. To secure this, all modern "civilizing" influences, including warships, seaplanes, and armed police, have been pressed into service, with the result that about 38,000 of the population of 40,000 have been driven to a life of outlawry in the bush.

The responsibility for what is happening is shared by the British government for these reasons:

1. The mandate to administer Western Samoa was conferred upon *His Britannic Majesty* to be exercised on *his behalf* by the government of New Zealand.

2. A solemn covenant, agreed to by England along with the other Allied Powers, declared that mandated territories are to be administered in accordance with the principle that the *well-being and development of their peoples form a sacred trust of civilization.*

3. England, along with the United States and Germany, guaranteed the autonomy of Samoa in the Berlin Treaty of 1889, a treaty which no subsequent event has annulled.

The starting-point of the troubles is to be found in the epidemic of pneumonic influenza which swept the island in 1918 and decimated the population, killing 9,000 people—more than a quarter of the entire population. In response to the demands for an investigation, the New Zealand government appointed a commission of inquiry, which reported as follows:

1. The influenza was introduced from New Zealand by the s.s. Talune, which, owing to false statements on the part of the captain and to laxity on the part of the health authorities, was allowed to berth and land passengers stricken with the disease.

2. At Pago Pago, in American Samoa, only ten hours' steam from Apia, there was a nationalized medical service with a large staff and up-to-date equipment. Yet not only was a wireless message from the American governor offering assistance ignored by the New Zealand administrator of Samoa, but all wireless communication with Pago Pago was shut down. Help was finally obtained from Australia, but not till nearly four weeks after the introduction of the disease, when its worst ravages were over.

3. In all, more than 9,000 people, about one-quarter of the entire population, died. *In American Samoa alongside, where quarantine regulations were strictly enforced, there was no epidemic.*

This is a sufficiently striking commentary on the inefficiency of the administration with which the Samoans have been saddled and for which they are compelled to maintain a bureaucracy which is bleeding the island white.

In 1928 the New Zealand government, at the request of the newly appointed administrator, set up a commission to inquire into the finances and public services of the territory, and in its report it revealed an amazing story of incompetence, extravagance, and actual corruption. Under the German regime the cost of administration was low and easily met by a light tax. Under New Zealand administration, in spite of greatly increased taxation and free grants from New Zealand of £212,000 up to September, 1928, a national debt has been created for the first time (the blessings of our civilization!), amounting to £173,200 in 1928, and imposing an annual burden of £12,500 for sinking fund and interest. Since the average earnings of the Samoan are about £8 a year, this debt charge, together with the other costs of administration, absorbs the total yearly income of about 40 per cent of the entire population.* . . .

The chief method of government is by "ordinance." The administrator "may make laws (to be known as ordinances) for the peace, order, and good government of the territory," and has the same power to levy taxes and tolls. An ordinance passed comes into force at once and does not need the sanction of the New Zealand Parliament. Thus, the Samoans are completely at the mercy of foreign legislators in a foreign country, usually in complete ignorance of the territories for which they are legislating.

All four administrators appointed by New Zealand have been military officers. Since 1924 the policy of banishment and imprisonment of all opponents of the government has been in full swing, and as a consequence the island has been in a state of "constant unrest." As might have been expected, the result of the oppression has been the creation of a powerful Samoan organization to protect native rights, called the Mau, of which practically the entire population are members. It is against this organization that the chief efforts of the administrator are now directed. The tragic killing of Chief Tamasese, a Samoan of royal descent, was preceded by a series of persecutions, by banishments, imprisonments, and fines for offenses against the oppressive ordinances, which are quite typical of the methods of the administration.

On December 28, 1929, armed police attempted to arrest a Samoan for non-payment of taxes. They chose a moment when he was taking part in a procession arranged to welcome

*The total revenue collected in Western Samoa for the year ended March 31, 1928, was £126,038.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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back a white man who was returning after two years' banishment imposed on him by the administrator. As might have been foreseen, there was immediate trouble, and a force of armed police intervened. Three Samoan high chiefs, Tamasese, Faumuina, and Tui, rushed to the scene and appealed to their followers to keep the peace. At that moment there was a burst of rifle and machine-gun fire which fatally wounded Tamasese and killed some others. It has been alleged by eye-witnesses that the massacre was the result of an ambush deliberately planned by the police with the knowledge and approval of the administrator.

Subsequently the Mau was declared a "seditious body" and its members were proscribed. Nearly the whole population are members of the proscribed organization and have taken to the bush. Fully armed marines, sailors, and military police, with the usual paraphernalia of armed motor lorries, launches, and a war plane, are now engaged in "rounding them up."

These Samoans are not asking for national independence, but merely for a change of governors, and sufficient has been written to show that this is not without reason!

They sent a petition to the King at the end of last year, which prays:

> that Your Majesty may be graciously pleased to accede to the prayer of your petitioners and to allow the government of Western Samoa under the mandate to be transferred from the government of New Zealand to the sole and direct control of Your Majesty under Your Majesty's Colonial Office.

It seems such a reasonable request in the circumstances. Dare we hope that our Labor Government will hearken to it?

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, will soon publish "The Soviets in World Affairs."

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

MARY HEATON VORSE is author of "Men and Steel" and other books.

BERT COOKSLEY contributes verse to various periodicals.

NORMAN THOMAS is executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy.

J. FRANK DOBIE is author of "A Vaquero of the Brush Country."

EUGENE LÖHRKE is editor of "Armageddon: The World War in Literature."

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON is author of "Portrait of the Artist as American."

JEROME DAVIS, educator and sociologist, is professor of practical philanthropy at the Yale Divinity School.

WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON is author of "The Life of Miranda."

ANITA BRENNER is author of "Idols Behind Altars."

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